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THE NIGHT SIDE OF EUROPE

THE NIGHT SIDE OF EUROPE
AS SEEN BY
A BROADWAYITE ABROAD

BY
KARL K. KITCHEN
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ILLUSTRATIONS BY HERB ROTH

THE DAVID GIBSON COMPANY
CLEVELAND
1914

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Copyright 1914, by The David Gibson Company
Published June, 1914

Printed by Horace Carr
at The Printing Press, Cleveland

U. S. A.

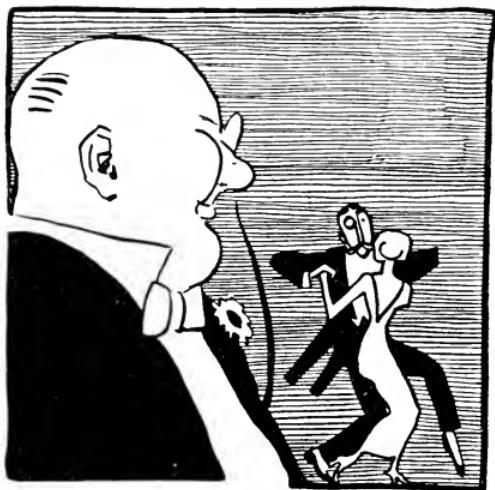
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To My Wife
who was my companion in search
of the Gay Life Abroad
This Book is
affectionately inscribed



A Broadwayite
Abroad

PREFACE

The following pages were written during a six months' trip abroad, made expressly for the purpose of seeing the gay side of Europe. They record the personal experiences of the writer in search of the night life in the leading capitals abroad. Of course neither Damascus nor Cairo is in Europe, but both cities are now being visited by so many Americans on tours abroad that the writer may be pardoned for including them with the other sketches under the title of "The Night Side of Europe."

Karl K. Kitchen.

New York City
May, 1914





A London
Supper
Club

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THE NIGHT SIDE OF EUROPE

BERLIN



At the
Admiralspalast

BERLIN

IT is Gunther's twentieth birthday and I am invited to the party in his honor. The hour is 9.30 P. M. when I arrive at the Admiralspalast, where the dinner party is to be given. A flunky takes my hat, coat and stick the moment I enter the lobby. I mention my host's name and am directed to a lounge room on the floor above, where I find Gunther, surrounded by his father and mother, his younger sister and three school friends.

My arrival is the signal for dinner and, led by Gunther's papa, we proceed to a balcony loge overlooking a great ice skating rink. There a table, resplendent with shining silver and white linen, is set for eight.

As we take our places—mine is at the left of Gunther's mother—a clash of cymbals is heard. A big orchestra on a balcony far

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across the ice arena strikes up the opening bars of "Die Lustige Puppe," and from the opposite side a hundred men and women in gorgeous costumes skate out on the ice.

For this arena of the Admiralspalast is nothing more nor less than a big amphitheatre where plays are produced on the ice. Fifteen hundred people can dine in the balconies and witness the performance—which has no equal anywhere in the world.

The arrival of the first course turns my attention to the birthday party. No cocktails are served, but an imposing array of champagne buckets relieves my fears—Gunther's health and the many happy returns of the day are not to be pledged in ice water.

The ballet is already on. A hundred performers in carnival costumes are dancing on the ice to the strains of the latest Jean Gilbert waltz. The balconies are filled with diners; waiters with huge trays of food and champagne buckets are hurrying by; the entire scene is one of activity and gayety.

We pause from our delicious dinner to look at the ballet and to drink to Gunther. Sister Lotta proposes a toast which we drink stand-

BERLIN

ing. Course follows course as one ballet changes to another. Only when Charlotte, the star of "The Merry Doll," dances a solo, do we keep silent. Her wonderful skating wins a round of applause, and we drink her health.

It is now 11.30 P. M., and we have reached the coffee and cigarette stage of the dinner (Miss Lotta has been puffing a Russian brand for the past half hour). The piece is over and two teams of girls are now playing pushball on the ice to amuse those who wish to remain till midnight. Gunther's father suggests a visit to the Admiralscasino—the big "ball establishment" in the same building—which is just opening for its all-night dance. Gunther, however, suggests the Palais de Danse. He argues that there is more life there.

"*Natuerlich*," agrees sister Lotta, and mama nods her head. So Gunther's father calls for the check (which is not very awe-inspiring, considering the size of our party) and in two roomy taxicabs, we proceed to the Metropolpalast in the Behrenstrasse which is the home of the Palais de Danse,

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the Pavillon Mascotte and two or three other "pleasure establishments," as they are called in the German capital.

Berlin delights in grouping places of amusement, putting half a dozen different restaurants, ball rooms and cabarets under one roof. In the Admiralspalast in the Friedrichstrasse, for instance, there is a concert hall, a theatre, a restaurant, a ball-room, a cafe or bar, and a Turkish bath in addition to the ice-arena.

The performance in the last begins when the theatre is over. The ballroom opens when the ice palace closes and to make things still more interesting the bar opens at 4 A. M.

The Metropolpalast is even more surprising. The Palais de Danse, its chief feature, does not open until midnight and it remains open only two hours. When we arrived it was only ten minutes after midnight but practically every table in the gorgeous ballroom was filled. However, Gunther was a "regular" (I knew that because we did not pay the usual five marks (\$1.25) admission), and we were escorted to a well located table by the balustrade—

BERLIN

directly overlooking the space roped off for dancing.

It is almost impossible to give one's first impressions of the Palais de Danse. There is nothing like it in the world. In the first place it is easily the most beautiful room in Europe. More than a thousand people can sit at its tables at one time. An orchestra of twenty-five men, occupying a balcony under an enormous canopy, plays the most wonderful dance music. For two hours—and for two hours only—dance follows dance almost without stopping. Nothing but wine is served—no food, no mineral waters. Champagne is twenty marks (\$5) a bottle, but Rhine wine may be ordered at twelve or fourteen marks. Practically every one is in evening dress, or what Berlin calls evening dress. There is a profusion of flowers and it is doubtful if a more brilliant sight is to be found anywhere in the world.

At our table we order two bottles of champagne, for there are eight of us. We drink the health of Gunther, of Gunther's father, of his mother, of his sister Lotta, of his student friends. But we do not dance.

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When Gunther visits the Palais de Danse with his men friends he dances every tango, Boston and one step, but when his mother and sister come he remains at the table out of respect to them. The character of some of the elegantly gowned women on the floor is known to Gunther's mother and sister. They discuss their gowns. Gunther's father—who must have been a gay dog in his Heidelberg days—gives me a wink. Once or twice I detect Gunther smiling to himself; but the decorum of the place is above reproach. In a far corner are two policemen in uniform. They look on the gay scene with stolid faces, but they have nothing to do. Nobody ever “starts anything” in Berlin.

It is now five minutes of two. The lights, which have transformed the wonderful room into all colors of the rainbow, are being dimmed. We have to pay our reckoning, tip the waiter a couple of marks and leave. But we do not leave the Metropolpalast. The Pavillon Mascotte is opening and we enter its precincts for supper.

The Pavillon Mascotte is simply a big

BERLIN

restaurant. There is no dancing, but it has a splendid orchestra of nearly twenty men, which plays continuously from 2 to 4 A. M.

Here we get a table on the main floor near the orchestra. We order supper—but not champagne. The Pavillon Mascotte has fine Pilsener on draught and that is what Gunther's father and mother prefer. Champagne and beer may not mix in New York, but they do in Berlin.

As the time goes on the place becomes noisier. Three Prussian officers try to lead the orchestra at the same time. Groups of young men burst into song. In far corners—and sometimes in plain view—kisses are exchanged. On every side you hear "*Drei Seidel, bitte,*" "*Fuenf Seidel, bitte,*" "*Mehr Champagner, bitte;*" but nobody is overstimulated. Our party is absolutely sober, I'm sure.

It is now nearly four o'clock. Gunther's mama has yawned two or three times and she thinks she had better "*nach Hause gehen.*" The head of the family admits he has an important engagement at 11 o'clock in the morning, so we place father, mother

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and daughter in a taxicab and with many farewells speed them to their home in Charlottenburg, three miles away.

But do those who are left go home? No. One of Gunther's friends remembers that there is a pretty American girl singing in a cabaret that opens at 4 A. M., and we proceed there to wind up the evening. Berlin's night-life is over between five and six in the morning—and not before. For the gayety of the Kaiser's capital begins at the hour when New York's Great White Way is preparing for slumber. But it takes a German constitution and a German cast iron stomach to stand it.

A “FIRST NIGHT” IN BERLIN



Night Life
in Berlin

A “FIRST NIGHT” IN BERLIN

A FIRST night at the Deutsches Theatre is an event. For the Deutsches Theatre is the first theatre of Germany—and in the opinion of many people the first theatre of Europe. Since it has been under the direction of Max Reinhardt it has won world wide fame and its premières attract the most intellectual first night audiences in the world.

A première at the Deutsches Theatre begins at seven o'clock but long before that hour every seat in the auditorium is filled. In the first place it is quite fashionable to attend first nights at this playhouse and what is perhaps more important, a considerable portion of Berlin's population look upon the Deutsches Theatre as an educational institution of the first rank.

It must be admitted that it is rather difficult to get a ticket for a Reinhardt première. Thousands want to go—and

THE NIGHT SIDE OF EUROPE

there are only twelve hundred seats. But if you are able to buy one you will be agreeably surprised in getting exactly what you pay for. Tickets in the first row at the Deutsches Theatre are 15 marks (\$3.75) each. From the second to the seventh row they are \$2.50 each and from the eighth to the fifteenth row about \$1.88 each. If you can only get a ticket in the last row you pay but 75 cents—which is far more equitable than paying \$2 for a ticket in the last row of a New York playhouse because the manager sells his best seats to ticket agencies to increase his receipts. However, there are no sharp practices in Berlin, as far as theaters are concerned.

Like all the Reinhardt first nighters you arrive at the theatre ten or fifteen minutes before the curtain is announced to rise. You check your coat and hat and stick (for $2\frac{1}{2}$ cents per article) and allow an usher to show you to your seat. If you want a program you have to pay five cents for it, but it is worth the money, for with every program is distributed a booklet containing a dozen critical essays on the play you are to see.

A “FIRST NIGHT” IN BERLIN

You have only to glance around the auditorium to appreciate the fact that you are far from Broadway. Although it is a first night there are less than a dozen people in evening dress. The boxes and loges are filled with men in business suits and women in what one might call afternoon gowns—if one stretched a point. To be sure there are a few dinner coats scattered through the first orchestra chairs, but there are scarcely six correctly attired persons in the audience—according to Broadway first night standards.

And the spirit of the audience is entirely different from New York’s “I-dare-you-to-make-me-like-this-play” attitude. The men and women in the audience have come to see a serious production and when the lights are dimmed for the curtain to rise the theater is steeped in silence. There are no Diamond Jim Bradys to walk down the aisle after the curtain has risen. If you are not in your seat when the play begins you remain outside until the end of the first act.

The play to-night is “*Der Kaufmann von Venedig*”—Shakespeare’s “Merchant

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of Venice.” Eight years ago Prof. Reinhardt produced this play at the Deutsches Theatre; but this season he is giving a “*Shakespeare Cyclus*,” or repertoire of thirteen Shakespearean plays, extending over a period of six months. To-night is the first performance of the famous play in the present cycle and since it is an entirely new production all the critics in Berlin are present to review it. Engel of the *Berliner Tageblatt*, the Alan Dale of the German Capital, is in the fourth row. Close by is Claar of the *Vossische Zeitung*. Directly in front of me is a distinguished looking man who could easily impersonate the Christus in the Passion Play without make-up. He is Alfred Kerr, one of the leading critics of the theater in Germany. He is a “free lance,” but newspapers and weekly publications engage him to “cover” important openings.

In the very first row is Prince August Wilhelm, the fourth son of the German Kaiser. Prince August Wilhelm is the civilian son of the Great War Lord. He is a highly cultivated young man, a doctor of philosophy, and he delights in being called

A "FIRST NIGHT" IN BERLIN

"Professor." His wife, the Princess August Wilhelm, is in the stage box with a party of royal guests. For while the Kaiser frowns upon the Deutsches Theater (it must be remembered he is in the position of a rival theatrical manager since he supports and practically conducts the Kaiserliches Schauspielhaus) that portion of royalty endowed with brains patronizes it on every occasion. Prince August Wilhelm attends every first night and is one of Max Reinhardt's personal friends.

The play is on. The audience is in Venice—not the Venice of a Forty-fifth street scene painter, but a real slice of Venice built by one of the leading artists in Europe. The Deutsches Theatre has a revolving stage which enables the scenes to be changed almost instantly. The first three acts are played consecutively in ten scenes. There is not a moment's delay. The lights are dimmed, a rumbling sound is heard and behold! Shylock's garden, Portia's house or the Grand Canal is before you. Every scene is absolutely perfect—it is a veritable moving picture in colors with real

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people speaking the best German to be heard anywhere in the world.

At nine o'clock the tenth scene is over and the curtain is rung down. For the first time in the evening there is applause. However, it is of short duration for the audience is intent upon other things. Berlin, like Vienna, goes to the theatre on an empty stomach and the "*lange Pause*," as the intermission is called, is devoted to eating cold meats, salads and sandwiches and drinking much Pilsener and other beers. There is a restaurant in the basement of the theatre, a buffet on the balcony floor and a bar besides. All these places are filled to overflowing during the "*lange Pause*." Ex-Colonial Secretary Dernburg, who always attends first nights at the Deutsches Theater, munches a Blutwurst sandwich as he recalls the days spent in Wall Street learning frenzied finance. Prof. Alois Brandl, head of the English Department at the University of Berlin, and recognized as the first Shakespearean scholar on the Continent, chats with our Ambassador, "Jimmy" Gerard, who is as much of a first nighter in Berlin as he was in

A "FIRST NIGHT" IN BERLIN

New York. They do not attack the food; for, following the American custom, they have dined before the theater.

In the crowd around the bar are Prof. Bie, the famous art critic, Prof. Orlik, the painter, and Prof. Ordynski, who is Reinhardt's right hand man, and who came to New York with "Sumurun." All the leading intellectuals of Berlin are there or hurrying back to their seats so as not to miss a moment of the performance.

At twenty-five minutes after nine the curtain rings up on the fourth act. It is played consecutively with the fifth act in seven scenes. At eleven o'clock the final curtain falls and there is a deafening sound of applause mingled with cheers. For five minutes this applause continues. Albert Bassermann, the Shylock, and Else Heims, the Portia, appear before the curtain again and again. But that does not satisfy the audience. They want Reinhardt. The cry starts in the gallery, it is taken up in the orchestra and spreads to the boxes. The Kaiser's son is shouting for the producer. Prof. Brandl is making an inarticulate noise. Everyone is standing up, but

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no one—not even the critics—has left the theater.

The audience has its way. The curtain rises and a smooth shaven, young looking man, in evening dress, walks to the center of the stage and bows. It is Max Reinhardt, the director of the Deutsches Theatre, and the foremost producer in Germany.

The bow satisfies. There is another sound of applause followed by a rush for the exits.

A first night at the Deutsches Theatre is over.

PARIS



Midnight in Montmartre,
the Wickedest Part of Paris

PARIS

BECAUSE this story is about the night life of Paris there is no occasion to hide it from your wife or daughter. I doubt if Anthony Comstock would blush at anything in it. And yet it is a true account of the naughtiest night life of gay Paree.

Good Americans, when they die, go to Paris, but live ones go to Berlin. After a night in Berlin, Paris seems as lively as a cat and seven sleeping kittens behind a stove compared with a Bacchanalian orgy. One can understand why Englishmen like Paris—it is livelier than London in the same way that a hospital is livelier than a morgue. But why New Yorkers who are looking for gayety should ever want to spend their time there is a mystery.

For generations Paris has had the reputation of being the gayest city at night in all the world. Perhaps it was. But to-day it is an “also ran.”

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The difference is this. In Paris the night life is only for the visitor. The Parisians themselves are sound asleep—or at least in bed—soon after the clock strikes twelve. In Berlin it is the burgher and not the visitor who turns night into day and kegs of beer into men.

However, this story is not about Berlin, but about Paris. And as it is an account of an evening in the French capital I will begin at the beginning—the dinner at the Restaurant de la Tour d'Argent.

There are other restaurants in Paris besides the Silver Tower (to give its English name) in the Quai Tournelles, but there is none better—especially when it comes to preparing a duck. Incidentally it is the oldest restaurant in the city and as far back as 1582 it was noted for its cuisine. And it is Parisian!

Less than fifty people can dine at the “Tour d'Argent” at one time. There is no music—no cabaret. Unlike many Broadway restaurants it is a place where food is the specialty. A duck-dinner there is a never-to-be-forgotten experience. First you bail a deep plate of duck soup—not soup

PARIS

through which a duck with rubber boots has walked—but a soup so ducky you can hear the quacks. Then you attack big slices of roast duck, covered with a wonderful thick sauce, which is followed by more duck, roasted to a turn and served without sauce. Every diner at the “Tour d’Argent” has a whole duck to himself. I had Canard No. 38,793, according to the head waiter who knew the duck personally.

When I finished, with dry ears, about 9 P. M., I did not dash off for the Opera or the Comedie-Francaise, for I was with a Parisian and he assured me that the Opera was very bad and the Comedie-Francaise terribly “*bourgeoise*.”

“You must go to the Bouffes-Parisiens and see Sacha Guitry’s new piece,” said my friend. “It is the smartest theatre and quite the best play in Paris.”

So to the Bouffes-Parisiens we went. It proved to be Henri Bernstein’s playhouse, and, like most Paris theatres, it did not begin until quarter past nine. We paid 12 frs. (\$2.40) apiece for orchestra seats, but 10 per cent. of that was a tax for charity levied by the city. We had to buy pro-

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grammes for 50 centimes (10 cents) each; check our coats for the same amount and tip the usherine who seated us with a franc. Usherines in Paris playhouses do not receive salaries. Instead they come to you at the end of the first act and demand a tip for their services. Thus it will be seen that theatre-going here is somewhat expensive compared with New York.

I was anxious to visit a few music halls, I so persuaded my friend to leave the Bouffes-Parisiens at the end of the second act to take me to the Folies-Bergere. But soon after we arrived in that much-talked about playhouse I discovered my mistake. A poorer revue I had never seen.

The Moulin Rouge up in Montmartre proved equally disappointing. A Bowery burlesque show is more interesting—and naughtier.

“These places are for out-of-town visitors,” explained my friend. “I’ve lived in Paris twenty years, but this is the first time I’ve ever been here.” A survey of the audience convinced me that he spoke the truth. Every nationality but French was there.

PARIS

Shortly before twelve the final curtain fell—all performances in Paris end about midnight—and we escaped to the open air.

“And now for supper!” I exclaimed, hailing a disreputable looking taxicab (there are no others in Paris, although their low rates recommend them). “A place where there are Parisians. I can see Englishmen in London.”

“Bourgeois or smart set?” asked my friend. I answered “both,” and his order was the “Cafe de la Paix” across from the Opera. When we had found a table my friend explained that Parisians are not much given to after theatre suppers. The Cafe de Paris and the Cafe Riche, he said, were patronized only by out-of-town visitors. Parisians don’t waste their money in expensive restaurants.

However, there was a room full of French people at the Cafe de la Paix. Its Hungarian orchestra, led by the famous Boldi, lived up to its reputation as the best in Paris and its cuisine proved above reproach. Moreover, its prices were low. But long before 1 A. M. it was deserted and we were forced to seek “life” elsewhere.

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“On to Maximes!” I commanded.

My friend smiled. “L’Abbaye, you mean. Everything in that line is up in Montmartre now,” he explained.

“But Maximes,” I protested, “Is that a myth, too?”

“No, it exists. I’ll take you there if you want to go,” he answered, “but nobody goes there any more—at least as they used to go there. L’Abbaye is the leading night rendezvous.”

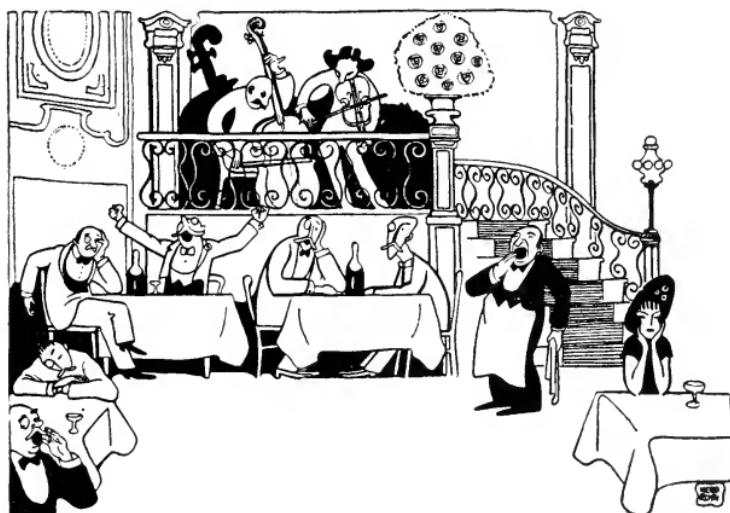
So to L’Abbaye we went—a restaurant as small as one corner of a Berlin “ball establishment.” We found places along the wall with forty or fifty English, American and Russian visitors of both sexes. An Italian waiter took our order and we turned our attention to the Spanish dancers who were performing in the centre of the room. It was less Parisian than a French restaurant in New York. There, at least, some of the waiters are French.

For two hours the gayety consisted of ordering champagne and throwing celluloid balls at the people across the room, while the Hungarian orchestra played American ragtime masterpieces.

PARIS

By half-past three or four—the time when many cafes in Berlin open their doors for the evening—the crowd at L'Abbaye had dwindled down to six or seven drinkers. And again we were forced to move. My heart was set on Maximes'.

Another fond illusion shattered! About a score of Englishmen and two Americans we had seen at L'Abbaye were sitting in the main room drinking champagne all by their lonesomeness. A few battle-scarred veterans of the dear unfair sex



A Wild
Night at
Maxime's

THE NIGHT SIDE OF EUROPE

were by themselves in a corner. To drop into the vernacular, Maximes' is a "joint"—and a small, tawdry one at that. And long before 5 A. M. it is as dead as the Museum of Natural History, for English and American visitors go to bed before daylight even in Paris.

So at 4:30 A. M. we called it a "night" and sought our downy couches. It was that or sleep in the streets. In Paris there is no place else to go.

“FIRST NIGHTING” IN PARIS



“FIRST NIGHTING” IN PARIS

“**F**IRST NIGHTS” in Paris are a thing of the past. Paradoxical as this may seem it is actually true. For all the people who used to make up “first nights” audiences see the new plays at their *répétition générale*. Often two and even three of these functions are given before a new play is offered to the public—so that by the “first night” a play is stale.

A *répétition générale* used to be called a dress rehearsal—and as is the custom all over Europe the critics were invited to witness the performance, but they were placed on their honor not to write about the play until after its formal “first night.” To-day, however, a *répétition générale* is not a rehearsal at all. It is the first public performance of a play—yet entirely different from a “first night.” It is a sort of trial trip for a special public, and has become the dressiest and most sought-

THE NIGHT SIDE OF EUROPE

after function in twentieth century Paris. It is also above all things, for the stranger, a marvellous lesson in humbug. The theatrical world of Paris has learned how necessary humbug is in modern life, and the *répétition générale* is a very excellent object lesson in the knowledge.

All who attend this function are the guests of the management. That is to say the manager, the author, and the members of the cast, the dressmakers, stage furnishers, scene-shifters, everybody who has anything to do with the production, has a right to invite a certain number of friends. This being so, the verdict of the *répétition générale* audience is the severest verdict which the play will ever get, and very often plays have been half-failures at this *répétition générale*, and boomed successfully for several hundred nights. For the general attitude is that of "I-dare-you-to-make-me-laugh." People do not mind applauding so as to be polite, but so many people present are interested in the play business themselves, that comparatively few of them are very anxious for the play to be a success.

“FIRST NIGHTING” IN PARIS

Quite an instructive entertainment at a *répétition générale* in Paris is, after listening to the “*Mais c'est charmant! Quel esprit! Que c'est délicieux!*” and similar exclamations of delight, to wriggle out of the lighted stalls or balcony into the comparative darkness back in the corridors and listen to what the exclaimers whisper after they have exclaimed. It is also very interesting to hear the different opinions expressed by the same persons to their own friends and the friends of the author or the actor or the actress of whom they are talking. In fact, the more one goes with eyes and ears open to the *répétitione générale* the more one becomes convinced of the fact that if Ananias and Sapphira had lived in our day they would have been immensely popular favorites in Paris.

The iron door which separates the stage from the front of the house is always opened and left open after each act of the modern *répétition générale*, for two-thirds of the audience really has some right to go behind and congratulate the author, and the manager, and the actors, and the actresses, and the other third, which used

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to be refused admission, made such a noise about it that it became simpler and easier to let them all through. The principal business of each *entr'acte* is to embrace the author.

How poor M. Francois de Curel suffered the evening I was there! It was the *répétition générale* of *La Danse devant le Miroir* at the Nouvel Ambigu theater. With most of the audience I went behind the scenes at the end of the second act to congratulate the author. What I saw would have resulted in several sudden deaths in an American playhouse. Forty or fifty highly excited, long-whiskered Frenchmen were shoving and pushing each other about in their frantic efforts to kiss the author. They kissed the back of his head, his ears; in fact, every available place. When they were through the women got a chance. They mobbed him on all sides and kissed him until his face was streaked with rouge and face powder, his glasses broken and his hair rumpled like that of a football player.

I waited until the mob had left to attack M. Garry, the leading player, before I

“FIRST NIGHTING” IN PARIS

congratulated M. de Curel on his success. He was trying to wipe his mouth and cheeks with his handkerchief and when I only shook hands with him, and did not venture a kiss, he pressed my hand firmly and said “*You* are a real friend. Tell me, do *you* like the play? And do you think it will be a success?

“I like it tremendously,” I hastened to assure him, although I had never seen anything quite as bad. “But of course that does not mean it will be a success. Still, from the kissing you underwent, I should say that it looks like a winner.”

“My friend,” said M. de Curel, “at the *répétition générale* of my last play I was kissed by three times as many people and my play only ran two weeks.” And M. de Curel, let it be known, is considered one of the greatest dramatic authors of France.

I must give a very brief outline of *La danse devant le Miroir*, it is so typically Parisian. American theatergoers will be interested in it because its leading feminine role is played by Mme. Simone, who tried so hard to establish herself as a star on our stage.

Voila! Face to face with ruin, Paul Bréan throws himself into the Seine, rather than confess his love to Régine, whose fortune he is afraid he may appear to covet. But he is rescued from the river, and Régine offers him her hand. He refuses, and to establish between them a kind of equality, Régine makes him believe that she needs to be saved from dishonor. Out of devotion, he consents to give her his name. Then, learning he has been told a fairy-tale, he in turn plays a part: he pretends he still believes in her lapse. The result is a misunderstanding that is prolonged right up to the wedding night. Régine would like to ascertain whether Bréan is really a hero-lover, or, on the contrary, merely a low speculator decked out with the mask of a knight, and Bréan, to quell her perplexities, shoots himself while she is embracing him.

However, Robert de Flers and M. F. Duquesnel, two of the leading critics in Paris, said it was very fine and Edmond See, another critic, added his word of praise. But Paris is a long way from New York.

“FIRST NIGHTING” IN PARIS

I was told that some years ago the *répétition générale* was a real dress rehearsal. There were never to be more than thirty critics and other folk whose business was the stage, and they were expected to come back to the first night. If anything went at all wrong, it was done over again and rehearsals used to be over at three or half-past in the morning.

Nowadays the dressmakers, a few critics, and a few friends manage to fill the house at the rehearsal which is called the dressmakers' and photographers' rehearsal, but they do not appear in evening dress. The real dress rehearsal is now two or three days before the show. By the first night the play is stale.

ST. PETERSBURG



At the
Marinsky
Theatre

ST. PETERSBURG

THE difference in time between St. Petersburg and Berlin is exactly sixty-one minutes, but the kind of time you have there depends entirely on what you want.

St. Petersburg presents greater contrasts in its life than any city in Europe. There is no middle class, which means you can dine well for sixty or seventy kopecks (thirty or thirty-five cents) or for twenty or thirty roubles (ten or fifteen dollars). The sixty kopeck diner never gets into the thirty rouble place, as he sometimes does in New York—or in Berlin for that matter. The “Hallroom Boys” kind of sport does not exist in the Czar’s capital.

The result is that Petersburg (no one in Russia ever says Saint Petersburg) has the most elegant and certainly most costly night life in the world. It is impossible for pikers to pike in its gay restaurants, which,

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by the way, do not open until 11 P. M. Even the possession of a bank roll, the usual qualification for admission to sanctuaries of pleasure, does not always suffice here. Birth and social position come before everything else in the city on the Neva.

In Petersburg it is not fashionable to "dine out," as it is in New York. If you have a letter of introduction to a Russian, it matters not whether he is an aristocrat or a merchant, you will be invited to his home for dinner at half-past six.

I had a very difficult time persuading my Petersburg host to take dinner at a restaurant. It was not until I had been at his house three times that he consented to dine with me at Nemenchinsky's, just off the Nevsky Prospect.

We arrived there early, for we had tickets for the ballet at the Marinsky Opera, which, like every other theatrical entertainment in this city, begins at eight sharp. After we had shed our wraps we proceeded to the buffet, where, instead of a bartender, was a waiter who served up a dozen different kinds of *Zakussa*, as the *hors-d'oeuvres* are called.

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A pickled mushroom or a gob of caviar replaces the cocktail in Russia and, just as it is not uncommon to take three or four cocktails before dinner on Broadway, so it is not unusual for a Russian to eat ten or fifteen different kinds of *hors-d'oeuvres* at the buffet before sitting down to dinner. It may be added that caviar at Nemenchinsky's does not taste like bird shot pickled in hair oil.

In the main dining-room a big balalaika orchestra is playing. No, it is not ragtime. It is Tschaikowsky's "Barcarolle," or Schumann's "Warum."

We order the table d'hôte dinner. Almost immediately we are served with borcht-chok, a beet soup, into which we place heaping spoonfuls of sour cream. Fresh water fish from Lake Ladoga come next, followed by roast beef sliced in our presence from huge barons of Caucasian beef. Wild roast turkey with huge roasted chestnuts is the next course, washed down with Imperial wine from the Crimea. For dessert we have a compote of Crimean fruits covered with cream so rich that it could almost stand alone.

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The service is so perfect that I compliment the waiter. He does not understand my German, but my Petersburg friend explains the cause of this excellence.

Nemenchinsky's is a co-operative restaurant. Its three hundred and fifty waiters and cooks are all shareholders. They try to please, for they want us to dine there again. So, autocratic Russia takes the lead in a new democratic enterprise.

The check is only three roubles (\$1.50), plus one rouble (50 cents) for the wine! Nemenchinsky's, although a first-class dining place, is very cheap. Aristocrats never go there. It was my Petersburg friend's first visit. We were the only diners in evening dress.

It is a far cry from Nemenchinsky's to the Marinsky Opera House. The Marinsky is the home of the Imperial Russian Ballet and the Imperial Opera. Getting a ticket for a Caruso night at our Metropolitan is like taking candy from a blind child compared with getting a seat at the Marinsky. The tickets, which are ten roubles (\$5) each, are nearly all in the hands of aristocratic families who have had the same

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places for generations. On Sunday and Wednesday nights, when the Imperial ballet appears, the best seats often bring fifty and one hundred roubles apiece. To pay five hundred roubles for a box is quite the ordinary thing when a new ballet is to be given.

The Marinsky Opera House is not as large as our Metropolitan; it is not as beautiful as the Paris Opera, but its audience on a ballet night is the most brilliant in the world. The jewels and costly furs worn by the women make even our Diamond Horseshoe sink into insignificance. Fully one-third of the men are in gorgeous uniforms. The others, of course, are in evening dress.

Even for beauty it would be hard to surpass the feminine part of a Marinsky audience. That, however, is a matter of taste. The brilliant picture is unquestionable.

The ballet to-night is Tschaikowsky's "Sleeping Beauty." It is glorious beyond description. A dozen Pavlowas are on the great stage. One hundred and ten musicians are in the orchestra. New York

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critics have praised the Russian ballet at the Metropolitan. In its home there is nothing to compare with it in the whole world.

It is now eleven o'clock. The ballet is over and we emerge from the warm opera house to find it snowing—the first snow of the season. Most people forget—if they ever knew—that Petersburg has about the same climate as London. Deep snow, troikas and other such things exist only in novels of Petersburg life written by “hacks” who never lived there.

Petersburg is as up-to-date as any city in Europe. And it is in a big, roomy taxi-cab we leave the opera for the Aquarium. Twenty kopecks a verst is the charge in Petersburg; and, as two versts are considerably more than a mile, it will be seen that the rates are very low. In fifteen minutes we arrive at the Aquarium, the largest and smartest after-theatre establishment in the capital. Why it is so named nobody knows, unless, perhaps, it is because the people who visit it drink like fish. It is a handsome stone structure on the Kamennoostrovsky Prospect, which translated

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means Rock Island Avenue. It contains an ice palace, where one can dine or skate; a theatre in which variety performances are given from 11.30 P. M. to 4 A. M.; dozens of cabinets or private dining-rooms in which one can sup with or without music; and last but not least a gorgeous hall in which the Champagne Tangos are given.

We choose the Champagne Tango—which costs six roubles (\$3) entrance fee for the privilege of ordering champagne at fourteen roubles (\$7) per bottle. However, salted peanuts were served free with the wine!

Nearly three hundred men and women, the men in uniforms or evening dress, are seated at long tables drinking champagne from long stemmed glasses and watching Renato and his fair partner tango up and down the lanes between the chairs. It is a brilliant scene.

The Aquarium is eminently respectable. Most of the officers and aristocrats at the Champagne Tango are with their wives. The dancing is done only by the paid performers. No one attempts to lead the orchestra or to christen magnums with

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pint bottles of champagne. There is a certain elegance about the scene that is found in no other capital.

We tire of the tango and visit the ice palace, where gay parties are dining, and where expert skaters perform seemingly impossible feats. We visit the theatre, where a vaudeville show of twenty acts is given, while supper is served to four hundred people. Time has sped and the cabaret is beginning—it is half past two!

My Petersburg host is anxious for me to see more, so we taxi to the Villa Rode in the Novaya Derevuys, almost on the outskirts of the city. It is almost a replica of the Aquarium. A variety show is in progress in the main hall, which is filled with diners. The performance runs until 5 A. M., but the proprietor confides to us that it is a hard matter to close at that hour, his guests often insisting upon remaining until six and even seven o'clock.

We order champagne (here it is only twelve roubles a bottle) and see a few "turns." The orchestra is surprisingly good. There is also a troupe of gypsies who play wicked czardas as only Rouman-

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ian gypsies can. Although corks are popping on all sides there is not the slightest breach of decorum—even at 4 A. M.

The reason for this is very simple. The people who participate in the night life of Petersburg are all aristocrats—nobles, high government officials, military and naval officers and men of great wealth. Clerks, shopkeepers, students and the like are not admitted to establishments like the Aquarium and the Villa Rode. Besides, the night life is so expensive that it is only for the rich, or the aristocrats who can run into debt with impunity.

Even the establishments which are not so decorous as the Aquarium—for instance, the Zoologitshesky Sad or the all-night variety show in the restaurant of the Palace Theatre—are patronized almost entirely by aristocrats. Champagne is the rule everywhere. The cafes and restaurants patronized by merchants and the like are closed by midnight—the hour when life begins for their more fortunate brothers and sisters.

If you obey the rule of early to bed and

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early to rise in Petersburg you will never see the aristocracy of Russia.

**A NIGHT WITH THE COMMON
PEOPLE**

A NIGHT WITH THE COMMON PEOPLE

AND NOW for a night with the people of St. Petersburg, the common people as distinguished from the aristocrats or even the merely rich.

We are going to the Narodny Dom—or, to give its full Russian title—the People's Palace of Emperor Nicholas II. It is the only institution of its kind in the entire world, and outside of Russia it is practically unknown.

Sociologists and others interested in bettering the conditions of the masses rarely visit Russia. Russia is supposed to be a country where only aristocrats find living tolerable. It is taken for granted that nothing is done for the common people. Yet in the Czar's capital more is being done to improve living conditions for the masses than in any city in the world! And chief among its institutions for civic betterment

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is the Narodny Dom; or, House of the People.

The Narodny Dom is a huge building—or, rather, succession of buildings—in the Alexander Park, on the Petersburg side of the Czar's capital. It is almost under the shadows of the famous Fortress of St. Peter and St. Paul, yet two more widely different structures could not be imagined. The Fortress of St. Peter and St. Paul is an old-fashioned stone fortress. The Narodny Dom is a steel building of the latest construction. The Fortress of St. Peter and St. Paul has been used for two centuries to make the common people slaves. The Narodny Dom is being used to uplift them and make them free. Strictly speaking, it is not an imperial institution. It was the gift of the Czar to the people of St. Petersburg, but it is conducted by the municipality. Of course, it is run at a huge loss, the municipality appropriating a sum in excess of one million roubles a year to meet its deficit. However, the institution is under the protection of the Czar, and he aids it financially from his purse.

The Narodny Dom comprises three theatres, a concert hall and a mammoth restaurant, all under one roof. One of the theatres is devoted to dramatic productions, one to variety, and the third—a huge auditorium, seating 4,000 people—is devoted to grand opera. The concert hall is so arranged that 10,000 people can promenade in it while a band or orchestra is playing.

The restaurant is perhaps the unique feature of this institution; it seats more than 5,000 people at one time. On many occasions—feast days, holidays and the like—between 15,000 and 20,000 are fed in it.

Admission to the Narodny Dom is fifteen kopecks, which is about $7\frac{1}{2}$ cents in our money. For this a visitor can hear the orchestral or band concert which is given nightly, visit the variety playhouse and witness a performance in the Little Theatre, as the playhouse devoted to dramatic productions is called.

Admission to the big auditorium, where grand opera is given, is extra. However, 50 kopecks (25 cents) will purchase a seat in the balconies, so it will be seen that its

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performances are within reach of practically every one.

Other institutions have attempted to give operatic and dramatic productions at "popular" prices, but the great restaurant in the Narodny Dom is in a class by itself. Its food is served at cost. A dinner of four or five courses can be had for 18 or 20 cents. The very best quality of food is purchased. It is inspected by food experts, employed by the city, and cooked in a great kitchen, which is open to the diners. The cooks are inspected daily by physicians, as are the waitresses who serve it. A fresh paper tablecloth is laid for every diner, and, wonder of wonders—tipping is absolutely prohibited.

It is an actual fact that one can dine better and for less money at the Narodny Dom than in most restaurants in St. Petersburg. The entire institution is run on a temperance basis. Various soft drinks are served at stands, scattered through the vast building, but neither vodka—the national Russian drink—nor any other intoxicants are permitted to be sold within its walls. Temperance advocates in St. Peters-

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burg claim it has decreased the sale of intoxicants 20 per cent.

Every night of the week and on Sundays and holiday afternoons between fifteen and twenty-five thousand people visit this great pleasure resort. They listen to the orchestra which plays in the great promenade, attend one of the three theatrical performances, and sup in the mammoth restaurant. An evening of enjoyment is theirs for a few cents. Nowhere in the world is as much offered for so little money.

The evening I visited the Narodny Dom there were fully fifteen thousand people in the building—yet I was told it was an “off night.” The great structure was ablaze with lights, which were reflected in the crystal snow outside. Fifteen kopecks enabled me to pass the turnstiles and to enter the promenade. A procession of people twenty to thirty abreast was moving in a huge circle around the lower floor. The balcony was also black with people, except where an orchestra in uniform was playing a stirring march.

I made my way through the crowd to the variety theatre, where two knockabout

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comedians—American “artists,” by the way—were causing a veritable uproar. The audience was standing up—rows of soldiers, with their caps in their hands, and their wives or sweethearts; and scores of working-men in blouses, with their wives or sweethearts, and scores of boys. Certainly the two comedians could not have wished for a more appreciative audience, and certainly the audience could not have demanded a better bill. The three turns I saw—an acrobatic act and a vocalist followed the knockabout turn—compared favorably with turns on our first-class vaudeville stages.

“Kismet,” Edward Knoblauch’s Oriental drama, was the bill in the Little Theatre, which, by the way, seats nearly 2,000 people. Of course, its production was not anywhere near as lavish as we saw it with Otis Skinner as the star, but it was a creditable production and well acted. A dramatic stock company is part of the operating force at the Narodny Dom, and every week a new play is presented. Reserved seats in the orchestra are extra, but admission to the balconies is covered by the general admission of $7\frac{1}{2}$ cents.

I next visited the Big Theatre, where Tschaikowsky's "Queen of Spades" was being sung. Two roubles (one dollar) was the price of an orchestra seat, although I could have had a place in one of the six balconies for fifty kopecks (25 cents). The big auditorium was well filled, and it did not take me long to appreciate the fact that the opera was well sung. It is doubtful if better opera can be heard for the same admission anywhere in the world. The Big Theatre is quite new—less than a year old—and it is a marvel in equipment. It has its own stock company, which is augmented by famous singers from the Imperial Marinsky Theatre, who are loaned by the Czar. Even Chaliapine, the eminent basso (who once appeared at the Metropolitan in New York City), sings at the Narodny Dom a few times each season. Of course, the dramatic and operatic features of the institution are run at a tremendous loss, but the municipality makes up the deficit. Many of the operatic productions rival those at the Imperial Marinsky Theatre. Nowhere in Russia, for

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instance, is Tschaikowsky's "Eugene One-gin" better sung.

Between the acts at both the Little and Big Theatres a large part of the audience visits the buffets in the restaurants for *zakouska*—as the tidbits of caviar, smoked fish and pickled vegetables are called. Eight kopecks (four cents) buys an appreciable amount, and two kopecks (one cent) buys a real "thirst-quencher," a sort of wild cherry phosphate.

After the performance I dined in the big restaurant, where I was waited on by an attractive Russian girl. The prices of the dishes were printed on the paper tablecloth which she spread before me. *Borchtchok*, a beet soup with sour cream, was two cents; *rastyagny*, a fish pie, was eight cents, and *paskha*, a delicious dish made of fresh cheese, eggs and sugar, was seven cents additional. My dinner was seventeen cents and no tip. Yet the food was of the best quality, and orchestral music could be heard floating in from the great promenade.

When I left the great building and emerged into the winter night it was after midnight. A waiting taxi pulled up and

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its driver opened its door for me to jump in, but I felt an humble izvozchik would be more in keeping with the evening. Accordingly I rode homeward across the Neva in the little sledge behind the bulky form of my Russian driver.



MOSCOW



Returning from the
Yard Establishment
in a Troika

NERO
ROTH

MOSCOW

IF YOUR mental picture of Moscow has been formed from "Darkest Russia," "Siberia" and other similar Russian melodramas, prepare to be disillusioned! The real Moscow is no more like the Moscow of fiction than the real Japan is like the prints of Hokusai.

Nihilists, police spies, cruel officials and the like exist only in the imagination of writers—so far as Moscow is concerned. This is a story of fact—hence the difference.

Moscow in the year 1914 is a city of nearly two million people, with scores of millionaires who make most of our Broadway spenders look like pikers, with cafes and restaurants that surpass anything we have in New York, and with the gayest, liveliest and naughtiest night life in the world! You don't believe it?

That's because you are not aware that Moscow, despite its age, is in the midst of

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a "boom." The tremendous oil, mining and commercial development in Southern Russia has made scores of millionaires almost over night. Moscow is the wealthiest and will soon be the largest city in the country. Naturally, "high living" follows. And here ends your lesson in Russian commercial history.

Like St. Petersburg, Moscow is not given to dining out. It is a city of merchants and business men, and they dine in the bosoms of their families. The Hermitage and Martijuish's, two of the leading restaurants, are never filled at dinner time. Nevertheless they are very interesting, especially the latter, which is in the Great Arcade.

So to the Great Arcade I went for dinner. It was fortunate that I was accompanied by a Russian friend, for at Martijuish's only Russian, Tartar and Grusian (honestly, that's a language) are spoken.

One could easily get lost in this mammoth building, which is as big as half a dozen Broadway restaurants rolled into one.

There is no bowing, supercilious head waiter to show you to a table, agree with

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you on the weather and suggest celery and other dishes that the restaurant wants to get rid of. At Martijuish's you take any table you find empty and a Tartar waiter in an immaculate white kaftan and high patent leather boots (like a Russian dancer) is on the job to take your order.

Like true Russians, we began our meal with cold fish and vodka, which tastes not unlike hair tonic, but produces results. Between swallows I had an opportunity to survey the other diners. They were what a Biblical scholar would describe as a motley gathering. Not one was in evening dress. Many of them were in blue flannel shirts. High boots were more common than ordinary shoes. The few women at the nearby tables were also plainly dressed, but diamonds sparkled on their fingers and in their ears.

Dress plays a small part in Moscow. Aristocrats are few and far between. The diners at Martijuish's are only merchants, but there is more gold in their pockets than in the wallets of the fashionable official set in St. Petersburg. At the next table is Charetenonoki, the sugar king of Russia.

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Like ourselves, he is putting rye and sour cream in his beet soup. Yet he could buy out half of the smart set in the capital.

Close by is an unkempt man who seems in imminent danger of cutting himself with his knife. My Russian friend tells me he is the owner of eight thousand horses. In Moscow the apparel does not proclaim the man. Men who look like horse thieves order champagne with their dinner. There is no sham or pretense here. Money talks with a big vocabulary.

It is now eight o'clock. We call for our check. It is fourteen roubles, for we have had fish from the Caspian Sea, roast pheasant, endive salad and fruits from the Crimea in addition to several glasses of vodka and a box of cigarettes.

In Moscow one smokes a fresh cigarette between every course. We pay our bill and hurry to the street, for we are bound for the Art Theatre, where the performance has already begun.

Moscow has three theatres devoted to grand opera and a dozen devoted to Russian dramas and musical comedy. Of these the most famous is the Moscow Art Theatre.

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Nowhere is realistic drama better acted than on the stage of this playhouse, the first theatre of Russia. Seats are five roubles (\$2.50) each, but they are worth it. The play is "The Possessed," a dramatization of one of Dostoyefsky's novels of Russian life.

It is superbly staged and acted, but there is no applause. Applause and curtain calls are forbidden at the Art Theatre, for Art here is spelled with a capital "A." So, you see, it is not a bit like "Darkest Russia."

It is now eleven o'clock—the hour when the ancient capital of Russia shakes off her lethargy. Theatre-going in Moscow is not very gay, especially at the Art Theatre, which is too distinctly highbrow. But at eleven o'clock the gay restaurants and music halls open their doors and life begins.

We elect to visit "Thomas's," for my Russian friend informs me it is presided over by an American, and I am anxious to see a fellow-countryman. We hail a passing izvoztchik, as the sledges are called, and bargain for the trip. There are no regular cab rates in Moscow. The price depends upon several things—the absence or pres-

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ence of other sledges in the vicinity, the quality of your fur overcoat and the degree of hurry. However, we have no difficulty and arrive at “Thomas’s” after a short drive.

“Thomas’s” is indeed presided over by an American, and a blacker American I never saw in all my life. “Mr.” Thomas is a “cullud” gentleman who came to Russia some years ago as a valet to a grand duke. His Highness took such a fancy to him that he started him in business, and to-day “Mr.” Thomas is the proprietor of one of the largest and finest restaurant music-halls in Russia. He expressed himself as delighted to meet a New Yorker and offered to show us his establishment—which saved us ten roubles entrance fee.

“Thomas’s” is a huge building. In its main restaurant, where several hundred people can dine at one time, a crowd of people were finding their way to the tables, although the scheduled performance had not begun. They were rather more stylishly dressed than the diners at Martijuish’s, but far from distinguished in appearance.

“See that little feller over there,” said

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“Mr.” Thomas, pointing to a short man with an Oriental cast of countenance. “He’s a Persian silk merchant—one of the best sports we have in Moscow; always orders champagne by the dozen and spends five or six hundred roubles every time he comes in here.”

The cabaret room was empty, “Mr.” Thomas explaining that it did not open until 2.30 A. M. The tango room was also deserted—not until 2 A. M. would the first dance begin. There were forty or fifty people in the dimly lighted Turkish room, where a Hindu orchestra was playing, and as many in the American champagne bar, where only bubble stuff at thirteen and fourteen roubles (\$6.50 and \$7) a bottle is served.

“The performance won’t be very good to-night,” explained “Mr.” Thomas when we returned to the big restaurant. “One of the grand dukes is givin’ a party at his Moscow palace and I’m helpin’ him out, jest as a friend. I’ve sent half my talent there, but I likes to help out these Russian gentlemen, especially if they is grand

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dukes. They is great sports and spend lots of money with me."

If we had not been anxious to visit "The Bat," an all-night theatre which begins at midnight, we might have remained at "Thomas's" and allowed his Caucasian chef to prepare a rack of lamb a la Tiflis—his specialty. But when we arrived at "The Bat" we did not regret that we had made the change.

There is nothing like this institution anywhere in the world. Every night from midnight until 5 A. M. thirty little playlets, more than half of them musical, are given in an underground theatre.

It was 5 A. M., in fact, when we went to the Restaurant "John," which does not open till that hour. There we had some caviar, pickled fish and champagne before going home to bed. But the night was not yet over for a good many hundred Moscow citizens. Work is for workmen and time is made only for slaves in the ancient capital of Russia.

**A “FIRST NIGHT” AT THE MOSCOW
ART THEATRE**



Dinner
at
Martijuish's

A FIRST NIGHT AT THE MOSCOW ART THEATRE

IT WAS the first night of "The Possessed" at the Moscow Art Theatre. I had been warned to be in my seat at eight o'clock as it is the custom at the Moscow Art Theatre to close the doors at that hour and allow no one in the auditorium after the play has begun. So I arrived early for I was anxious to study the audience at this famous theatre in the heart of the Czar's dominions.

A few minutes in the foyer were sufficient to convince me that the first performance of the Dostoyefsky drama would be witnessed by a gathering of "intellectuals." There were no gorgeous uniforms, no elaborate gowns. Less than a dozen persons were in evening dress. Yet the orchestra chairs were five roubles (\$2.50) each.

A warning bell sent me hurrying to find my seat. I was just in time for the doors

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were being closed. A few moments later—promptly at eight o'clock—the lights were dimmed and the curtain rose. There was no overture. In fact, there is no orchestra pit in the Moscow Art Theatre. When music is needed it is played under the stage.

“The Possessed” proved to be a succession of detached scenes from Dostoyefsky’s novel of the same name rather than its dramatization. The Moscow Art Theatre is equipped with a double decked revolving stage which enables scene to follow scene with only the darkening of the auditorium for a few moments to punctuate the intervals. Unlike most revolving stages it moved noiselessly.

The acting was magnificent. Although I did not understand a single word that was spoken I was able to follow the story of the play. What higher praise can be accorded actors!

I expected an outburst of applause at the end of the act but when the curtain fell the greater part of the audience silently left their seats for the foyer—promenade. Applause is never accorded the artistes at

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the Moscow Art Theatre. Nor are curtain calls ever allowed. Realism and naturalness above everything else are striven for.

During the second act M. Stanislauski, one of the directors of the theatre, took me behind the scenes to see the double decked revolving stage in operation. There I met three Russian priests who were watching the performance. Priests in Russia are forbidden to attend theatrical performances but many of them visit the Moscow Art Theatre and witness the performances from the wings, safe from the public gaze. M. Stanislauski showed me through the dressing rooms which are so arranged that the male and female players do not meet until they reach the stage made up for their parts. They have separate green rooms and separate exits. In no theatre in the world is the comfort of the actor given so much attention.

At the end of the second act I was presented to Madame Knipper, the widow of the famous Tchekoff, who was enacting the leading role in the new play. I also had the honor of shaking hands with Mlle. Koreneff and M. Katchaloff, two other lead-

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ing players. A first night in most play-houses is a nerve-racking affair—neither players nor managers have time for idle conversation. But at the Moscow Art Theatre a first performance after three months of rehearsals runs as smoothly as clockwork.

Never has the old adage, “Great oaks from little acorns grow,” been better exemplified than by this unique theatre. Beginning as an amateur theatrical society, without funds or wealthy members, it has become in little more than a decade one of the foremost theatrical organizations in the world. Its home is the best equipped play-house in Europe. And its productions are the most perfect given on any stage.

Although in Russia the Moscow Art Theatre is looked upon as the first theatre in the land it is almost unknown outside of the Czar’s Empire, except in Germany. Its company has only appeared in the leading cities of Russia and a few of the larger German capitals. Moscow is so far off the beaten track of travel that few American writers on theatrical subjects visit it. And naturally, as Russian is under-

A FIRST NIGHT AT MOSCOW ART THEATRE

stood by so few people interested in the drama, the Moscow Art Theatre must remain "a thing apart." But its influence is already so great that no one interested in theatrical affairs can afford to be ignorant of it, or to ignore it.

The Moscow Art Theatre was the first playhouse in the world to have a double decked revolving stage. Prof. Max Reinhardt adopted the idea for the Deutsches Theater in Berlin, and later the idea was copied by the designer of the New Theatre in New York (now the Century Opera House).

But it is in the conduct of the theatre and its productions that this playhouse is the most interesting. It is a co-operative organization owned by thirty-one actors and actresses, who appear on its stage. The entire organization consists of 360 men and women who devote their time exclusively to the artistic, financial and operating side of the playhouse. In addition to its two directors, who have practically equal responsibility, there is a governing board that passes on all important matters. After ten years' service an actor or actress be-

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comes a shareholder, and there is a pension system for superannuated players, as well as funds for cases of emergency. Every player is given ten weeks' vacation with pay—their services being contracted for by the year. Thus it will be seen that from the actor's standpoint the Moscow Art Theatre is about ideal.

Only three new productions are made each year. However, a repertory of twelve is given, former successes being repeated as often as the receipts warrant. At least three months are devoted to the preparation of each play. Consequently only finished productions are given. While the theatre is the home of the Russian drama, the dramas of other countries are not neglected. Shakespeare, Ibsen, and Hauptmann are almost as much in evidence as Tolstoy, Gorky, Gogol and Tchekoff.

It is very difficult to obtain a seat for a new production at this unique theatre. For the first ten performances of each new play every seat is subscribed for, which, of course, gives the theatre working capital. The expenses of the organization are about \$350,000 a year, but as its receipts are al-

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ways over \$400,000 it is very prosperous. However, it makes very little money in Moscow, where a full house means only \$1,500. Its season in Petersburg, where it plays in the Imperial Mikhailovsky Theatre (the Royal French Theatre) means \$4,000 a night, and in Kieff, Warsaw and Odessa it plays to enormous business.

The third act was on before M. Stanislauski and I returned to the auditorium. Of course he was able to pass the closed doors and he sat with me until the final curtain fell.

“Is it a success?” I asked as we emerged to the brilliantly lighted foyer.

“I think so,” he replied simply, “but we will know in the morning when we see what the critics have to say.”

Moscow is one of the few cities in the world that takes its dramatic critics seriously.

VIENNA



Between the Acts
at the Theater
an der Wien

VIENNA

AT THE hour when New Yorkers are impatiently waiting to be served with the dinner they have ordered the curtains of nearly a score of theatres in Vienna are ringing up for the evening performance. Half-past seven is the very latest for a play to begin in the Austrian capital—and for the opera seven o'clock is the usual time. Then Vienna goes on an empty stomach—or at least without having dined, for dinner is a midday repast for the Viennese.

True to their musical traditions, nine times out of ten when they go to the theatre it is to an opera or an operetta. Consequently, of the fifteen first-class play-houses in the capital all but four are devoted to musical productions.

The writer was no exception to the general rule and half-past seven found him in an orchestra seat at the famous theatre

THE NIGHT SIDE OF EUROPE

An der Wien—the theatre which saw the premieres of Beethoven and Mozart and which is now the home of Lehar. Nine kronen (\$1.80) had bought a front row seat at the box office, for in Vienna ticket speculators do not exist. Even at the hotels an advance in price is only one krone (20 cents). The theatres are under government supervision and there is no sharp practice on the part of the managers.

“Die Ideale Gattin” (The Ideal Wife) was the operetta—by Lehar, of course—and his most recent work. It was on familiar lines, waltz following waltz in rapid succession. The principal singers were better than Broadway hears as a rule; the orchestra was far superior, and the production itself was on a par with the best American musical offerings. In only one particular was it lacking—its chorus girls were the weirdest beauties I had ever seen. But they could sing.

The audience, too, had a familiar appearance, only a small proportion being in evening dress. At the end of the first act, however, the difference became apparent. Then half of the men in the front

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orchestra chairs stood up and faced the audience, sweeping the boxes and balconies with their opera glasses. The other half and those in the rear started for the lobby, where they crowded around a lunch counter and consumed caviar and ham and cheese sandwiches, washing them down with Pilse-
ner beer. Ushers with trays of sandwiches and pastries had evidently been busy inside at the same time, for when I returned to my seat nearly every one was eating.

At ten o'clock the various couples in the play were paired, and the falling of the curtain was the signal for the supper which had obsessed my mind far more than the plot of the operetta. I hailed a taxi on the street and whizzed off to the Rathaus Keller, great restaurant in the basement of the City Hall.

Viennese society does not go to the Rathaus Keller after the theatre. The dining-rooms of the Hotel Bristol, of the Grand Hotel and Imperial are the "smart" places at that hour, and supper in their gilt and marble dining-rooms is exactly like that at a leading New York hotel. But supper at the Rathaus Keller is different

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from anywhere in the world. In the great vaulted rooms you see the real Viennese—not the wealthy cosmopolitan, but the well-to-do burgher, with his wife and daughters, who knows where to get the best food and the best wine in Vienna.

After the theatre at night the great room of the restaurant is filled to overflowing. The atmosphere is redolent with the aroma of *Wiener Rostbraten* and *Wurstel* with *Gulasch* sauce. Nothing but wine is served, but the wines are only two, three and four kronen (40, 60 and 80 cents) a bottle. A dish of *Esterhazy Rostbraten* washed down with a bottle of *Gumpoldskirchner Kaiserwein* or a bottle of *Kleinoschegg*, an *Inlander Schaumwein*, is a memorable repast, especially if topped off with a *Rathaus Schaumtorte* or a *Milchrahmstrudel*. And when you get your check an hour later you find you have spent only three or four kronen (60 or 80 cents). You tip the man who presents it and takes your money, you tip your waiter and you tip the boy who brought your wine. But the tip to the first man is only 20 heller (4 cents), the tip to the waiter only 10 heller (2 cents), and

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the tip to the boy only 6 heller (a little over a cent). Any deviation from this scale is resented.

When Vienna has had supper—the hour is then eleven or after—the day is officially over for most of the population. There is no night life such as is found in Paris and Berlin. In fact, the old-fashioned custom of locking the doors at 10 P. M. still exists in this city, and those who are abroad after that hour have to pay 20 heller (4 cents) to the doorkeepers to gain admittance to their own houses. However, there are quite a number of people who do not want to go to bed so early and they seek one of the popular so-called bars or coffee houses.

Being in this class I left the wonderful Rathaus Keller and taxied to the Trocadero in the Walfischgasse—the distance was nearly a mile, but the tariff was only 20 cents, and Viennese chauffeurs accept a six or eight cent tip with a "*danke bestens.*"

At the Trocadero a roomful of well dressed men and women, a large sprinkling of Austrian officers among the former, were tangoing to a noisy orchestra. It was a typical Parisian night café of wine, women

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and wealthy or make-believe wealthy men. The Chapeau Rouge, the Tabarin and the Palais de Danse in the immediate vicinity are three more of the same French type. Viennese do not frequent them, as a general rule, and, for their regular patrons, they have to depend upon the underworld.

Perhaps the smartest bar is the Carlton near the Operntheater. But gayety after the clock strikes twelve is hard to find. Maxime's and the other Parisian night cafes are too obviously Parisian to be regarded as part of Viennese life.

The real Vienna is the "*Gemuethlichkeit*" of the Rathaus Keller, where one sups to the strains of a Strauss or Lehar waltz or the music of the "*Volksanger*."

VIENNA'S HALL OF FAME



Da Sitzt Er!

VIENNA'S HALL OF FAME

THE city of Vienna is one of the musical centres of the world; the Café Museum, at the junction of the Friederichstrasse and the Operngasse, is Vienna's Hall of Fame, or, speaking more particularly, a certain corner of the café discharges this important function.

To the casual visitor this corner betrays no characteristics which might distinguish it from any of the other three. It has the usual number of small tables; it has the usual number of placid men sitting at them, and these placid men are, as is usual, contentedly sipping coffee. Nothing in the atmosphere indicates the presence of genius, and yet there it is.

Above one of these tables—the central one—is a bust in marble, and beneath it in the flesh sits the original. He is Franz Lehar, the waltz king, and this is his throne room—the Lehar Corner of the Café Mu-

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seum, where, every afternoon at four o'clock, he gives audience to such as desire and deserve it.

It was Wagner who said that his music was the music of the future. Franz Lehar might use all three tenses and say his was of the past, is of the present and will be of the future. "The Merry Widow" is dead; "The Count of Luxembourg" is living; "The Ideal Wife" is yet to come, at least so far as New York is concerned. And much more is still expected to follow.

For its guidance in the discernment of genius the public has one motto, to which in general it adheres. "By your past performances," it says, "shall we know you." Quite true, a number of geniuses die before the public recognizes the fact that they can perform, but this is not possible in the case of a waltz king.

When light amusement is in question, the public knows its own needs. And Franz Lehar composed "The Merry Widow." Therefore it is willing to contract on faith for all his operas for the next ten years. It has paid enough already in going to hear his works to make him a millionaire. So why

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should not he sit contentedly sipping his cream-smothered coffee? No man ever got a fashionable home from a post-mortem reputation.

On a certain afternoon, not many weeks ago, Franz Lehar was in his accustomed chair, surrounded by fellow musicians. Emrich Kallman was there, of "Sari" fame, and Heinrich Reinhart, the author of "The Spring Maid." Oscar Nebdal, whose "Polenblut" is one of the season's hits, was also in the group, and Oscar Strauss, whose "Chocolate Soldier" is not yet forgotten.

Being a reader of illustrated magazines, I had already picked out the object of my search, unaided by waiters or the bust on the wall. I had come to see Franz Lehar, and had easily recognized him in a pleasant-faced, rather American-looking man. Being really famous, he has no need to demonstrate the fact, so he dresses quite simply, shakes hands with you quite agreeably and has not the slightest objection to being asked questions. He is a Hungarian, but speaks German fluently.

There, however, his powers as a linguist end, and, unfortunately, about there also

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mine begin. Robert Bodansky and Leo Stein, both of whom have written numerous librettos for the light operas of Vienna, and therefore of the world, came, on several occasions, to the rescue.

Hardly had the *kellner* placed a glass of Vienna coffee before me than I went to the business in hand.

“First and foremost,” I asked, “why have you never come to America?”

“Because I have never had the right operetta,” was the direct answer. “When I have the right piece I shall come to New York and conduct at its premiere.”

“Then it isn’t true that you are afraid of the ocean?”

“No, no,” Lehar laughed. “Why, I used to be director of a marine band. Seriously, when I am satisfied that I have the right piece I’ll come over. Perhaps it will be with ‘*Endlich Allein*.’ I really want to visit America. I want to hear some of Herbert’s compositions. Yes, I’m surely coming.”

“‘*Endlich Allein*’” explained Kallman, “is Lehar’s newest operetta which is to be produced in Vienna next season.”

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“Why were you not satisfied with ‘Gypsy Love?’” I asked. “We expected you to come to America for its première.”

“‘Gypsy Love?’” he repeated. “It was far, very far from the right piece. I want a good book first of all. That’s the hardest thing to find. There are plenty of men who can write good music, but a good libretto is very, very rare. Yes, the success of an operetta, especially of the first performance, depends upon the story.”

“But its cornerstone is a waltz,” I interrupted.

“Of course, for a Viennese operetta,” answered Herr Lehar, “but not for the American musical pieces which you wrongfully term opera comique. Every one says American musical plays are better staged than ours, so it must be true. Still I believe our operettas are better sung. I will find out for myself when I visit America.

“You must remember,” he went on, “that you have touring companies. Your managers can invest twenty-five or thirty thousand dollars in producing a play with some hope of getting it back. Here in Vienna when an operetta has had its run of

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fifty, one hundred or even two hundred nights that is all there is to it. Each theatre has its own permanent company and there is no road tour. Consequently productions cannot be as lavish as in America."

"But your dreadful chorus girls?" I was still haunted by unpleasant memories.

"Viennese operettas are not written to exploit the chorus," said Herr Lehar solemnly. "Nor do producers here take liberties with an author's book or a composer's score." His tone was now severe. "I understand that some of the Viennese operettas that have been produced in New York were so changed that they were hardly recognizable. One of mine was terribly mutilated, so I am told. A New York producer would not think of changing one of Gilbert and Sullivan's pieces. Yet they change our operettas. Ours are just as sacred as Gilbert and Sullivan's—at least they should be so considered."

"Yes," agreed Emerich Kallman, "there were just two of my numbers left in one of my operettas which was produced in New York last season."

VIENNA'S HALL OF FAME

“‘The Man with Three Wives’ and ‘Eva’ were failures in New York for the same reason,” went on Lehar. “‘The Merry Widow’ and ‘The Count of Luxembourg’ were produced there exactly as they were done here—and you know with what results.

“Really I would like to come to New York with a repertoire company and give all my operettas.” He was becoming enthusiastic. “I would like to have America see how we present operettas in Vienna. But, of course, that’s impossible.” He came down to earth suddenly.

“Do you think there will be any change in the type of operetta in the future?” I asked.

“No, so long as the world is as it is light operas will be popular,” he replied.

“Why is it,” he suddenly changed the conversation, “that your American composers do not try to get a hearing in Vienna? Of course I know it would not mean so much from a money standpoint, but surely a composer like Victor Herbert ought to have a hearing here. We have had only one American musical piece—‘The Belle of New York’—and that was a big success. But,

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aside from the money standpoint, I should think a great composer like Herbert would like the stamp of approval from Vienna. Perhaps he, too, has not found the right work; it is hard to be satisfied with one's compositions."

"And harder to be satisfied with a libretto?"

"That's the whole thing in a nutshell, as you say in America. Yes, I believe the prayer of every composer is: 'Lord, have mercy upon me and send me a good libretto.'"

The chimes of the nearby cathedral reminded me of the hour. I knew that Herr Lehar was expecting to conduct the fiftieth performance of "*Die Ideale Gattin*" that evening, and I also knew that theatrical performances in Vienna begin at the time when most New Yorkers sit down to dinner, so I bade goodby to the Lehar Corner and its friendly crowd.

An hour later I entered the Theatre an der Wien. The famous composer was conducting his operetta, and as the usher handed me a programme he pointed to the leader of the orchestra and said:

VIENNA'S HALL OF FAME

“That is the celebrated Franz Lehar.”
Vienna, at least, does not leave its debts
for posterity to pay.



The Idol
of Vienna

ATHENS



Even the
Acropolis is
Closed at Night

ATHENS

WHEN you land on the steel pier at Phaleron Bay, it is hard to realize that you are not at Brighton Beach instead of in ancient Greece. Before you are immense bath houses, rows of modern buildings, which are unmistakably hotels, and, towering-above all, a scenic railway and shoot-the-chutes.

Phaleron is the Brighton Beach of Athens, and it is quite as American in appearance as its namesake. Its Luna Park is a very creditable imitation of Brighton Beach Park. There is only one thing that brings the realization of being far from Broadway. On every side are soldiers—dark men in brown uniforms with red crosses on the white bandages on their sleeves. For the hotels at Phaleron have been turned into military hospitals for convalescents who

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spend a large share of their time in the bright sunshine on the beach.

But you feel at home among these soldiers. They speak English—the way you speak it. Most of them have lived in America and not a few have waited on you in New York restaurants.

One of them recognized me as a New Yorker who had frequently dined at an uptown restaurant where he was employed. He hastened to me and volunteered his services as a guide around Phaleron. He was recovering from a wound received in an encounter with a Turkish cruiser while on a Greek gunboat in the Dardanelles. In New York he was plain George, but he told me proudly that he was Lieut. Calogeropoulo on sick leave and chafing to rejoin his ship to fight the Turks.

As I had no time for sightseeing, my guide escorted me to the station where I took the train for Athens. A more modern station could not be imagined—the tracks are depressed and every fifteen minutes an electric train comes to a stop before it. Again you feel that you are in New York. The cars are about identical with those in

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our subway and they whiz you to Omonia station in Athens in ten minutes. The men and women in the cars—who are making the trip from Piraeus, the seaport of Athens—look more like the people you see in New York than the people in any other section of Europe. Again, the only thing that makes you realize that you are in Greece is the Greek letterings on the houses and fence boards that you pass. Address the man on your right or left and you find that he speaks English. He may speak it imperfectly, but he understands you and he answers you politely.

Your first impression of Athens is that you have left the subway somewhere out in the Bronx. There is a newsboy at the top of the station steps with the afternoon papers. There are several taxicabs and automobiles lined up along the curb. The automobiles, especially, have an American appearance. If it were not for the scores of soldiers and the Greek names on the stores you would declare you were near 177th street and Third avenue. The girls who pass while you are entering your taxi look as if they belonged in New York.

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True, their skins are olive and their eyes black, but their “style” is unmistakably of Broadway.

A ride of five minutes in a taxi brings you to the Hotel de la Grand Bretagne, which shares with the Hotel d'Angleterre the honor of being the best hostelry in Athens. It is a typical French hotel of the better class and being located in the Place de la Constitution is the centre of Athens' gayety. Its charges are reckoned in francs instead of drachmas, and in its dining rooms you might be in Marseilles, so far as local color is concerned. However, your taxi ride has only cost you one drachma (twenty cents) and across the square at the corner of the Rue du Stade is the Cafe Zacharatos, a typical Greek cafe of the better class.

It was about half-past five in the afternoon when I entered the Cafe Zacharatos. It was crowded with well-dressed men and officers in more or less resplendent uniforms. At one table were a group of officers of the Evzon regiment in purple uniforms with ballet skirt effects, made even more pictu-

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resque because of the white encased legs and slippers with rosettes on the toes.

If you expect to see the national costume of Greece in Athens you will be disappointed. Only one regiment in the entire army wears the foustanella, as the accordion pleated skirt effect is called. In fact, the skirted Greek is almost as rare in Athens as he is in New York.

As I did not order a drink immediately the waiter at my table brought me a New York newspaper. I noticed that most of the men—there were no women—were reading and drinking coffee. Mixed drinks are unknown or at least never called for in the capital of Greece. Coffee is the drink. Next in popularity is native wine which is almost always drunk with soda water. Then there is 'EVTO'TTIOV (native beer), which is sold everywhere but seldom ordered except in the cheaper cafes.

I ordered a cup of coffee. When my waiter returned with it he placed a plate of pastry on my table.

"I thought you might like to try some Greek pastry," he said.

Coffee—excellent Turkish coffee, by the

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way—and the sticky pastry at the Café Zacharatos is one drachma (twenty cents American money). When I tipped my waiter an additional drachma he confided that he had worked at the Hotel Athens, opposite the Grand Central station, New York.

A captain in the Greek army hearing me speak English with the waiter introduced himself and asked if he could be of service. I explained that I wanted as gay an evening as Athens could afford.

“Dine at the Restaurant de la Cite, since you don’t care about the hotels, hear the opera at the Theatre de la Ville and see the Acropolis by moonlight.”

His advice was well intentioned. The dinner at the Restaurant de la Cite was good. Except for a plate of delicious ripe olives with shiny, black skins, honey from Mount Hymettus, sticky pastry and juicy watermelons and grapes, the dinner was much the same as at a first-class table d’hote in New York.

Theatres in Athens begin promptly at eight o’clock. I hurried to the Rue d’Athene, to the Theatre de la Ville, or Municipal

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Theatre as we would call it. The bill was "Eva," a Franz Lehar operetta in French. I had heard it at the New Amsterdam Theatre in New York and also in Lisbon, but I had no choice.

Evidently Athenians understood French as well as English. The theatre was full—officers and soldiers predominating. And when the alleged comedian in the play referred to King Constantine, I thought the audience would wreck the theatre. If a Turkish army had heard them it would have fled back to Adrianople.

When the performance was over and I walked down the Rue d'Eole and up the Rue d'Hermes to the Royal Palace, I realized why my captain friend had advised me to visit the Acropolis by moonlight. There was no place else to go!

So I walked along the Palace Gardens, past the Arch of Hadrian and the Temple of Jupiter Olympus to the foot of the Acropolis, which I started to climb. However, I did not get far. A gendarme stepped out of a sentry box and asked me for a permit. As I had neglected to apply for permission to visit the Acropolis after sundown the

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pleasure of seeing Athens by moonlight was denied me. There was nothing to do but return to my hotel.

For the “night life” of Athens this much can be said: There isn’t any.

ROME



ROME

NIGHT LIFE in Rome is of two varieties. For the visitor it consists in figuring up how much he is "out" from being robbed, cheated and short-changed during the day. For the native it consists in figuring up how much he is "in" from robbing, cheating and short-changing visitors during the diurnal period.

There is no capital in Europe in which a visitor is robbed, cheated and short-changed as brazenly and repeatedly as he is in the capital of Italy.

Nearly everyone who visits Rome for the first time is disappointed. But if seeing Rome by day is disappointing seeing the capital by night is even more so.

In population Rome is about the size of Cleveland or Baltimore. Its gayety is akin to that of Syracuse or Utica. But what it lacks in gayety it makes up with its choice

collection of smells. For Rome is not only the stupidest capital in Europe, but the dirtiest.

To be sure the most beautiful monument in the world—the Victor Emmanuel Memorial which cost nearly thirty million dollars, is located in this ancient city. But the monument is fringed with scores of maimed and crippled beggars and wherever you go are more beggars until you come to the conclusion that there are only three kinds of Romans—beggars, thieves and priests.

With these enthusiastic words of praise for the Eternal City I will pass to my experiences in search of the gay life at night along the Tiber.

After a very late luncheon at the *Ristorante dei Castello de Cesari* overlooking the Appian Way—at which I was short-changed 5 lire by the waiter in addition to being overcharged 3 lire by the proprietor—I drove to the *Teatro Nazionale* to witness a performance of "*La Bella di New York*." I arrived there a little before five, the hour at which matinees begin in the ancient capital. I will pass over the short change work of the driver of my broken down

ROME

vehicle and the similar work of the box office man. Suffice it to say that they were artists and that I was safely in my seat when the orchestra struck up the opening bars of Gustav Kerker's overture.

The *Teatro Nazionale*, despite its name, is not the national theatre. It is simply a big barn of a place devoted to operetta and what we term musical comedy. But I doubt if Mr. Kerker would have recognized as his brain child the entertainment which was given under the title "*La Bella di New York.*" If the director had attempted to play the piece backwards he could not have given a more utterly absurd performance. The Italian who adapted the piece, which was none other than "*The Belle of New York,*" conceived the brilliant idea of combining the roles of the Queen of Comic Opera and the Salvation Army Lassie, the two leading feminine roles in the piece. The director entrusted this new role to a barrel chested ruin of two hundred odd pounds. This individual sang the famous "*Follow On*" song in a red Salvation Army hat and tights. The chorus men wore velvet knickerbockers in the New York

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street scenes and the chorus girls appeared in sombreros. To cap the climax the actor who played the role of "Blinky Bill," the East side tough, appeared in a Buffalo Bill makeup and fired a revolver every few minutes in an effort to complete his characterization.

It is almost impossible to describe how badly—how terribly—the company at the *Teatro Nazionale* mutilated this famous musical comedy. And yet the *Teatro Nazionale* is the leading theatre in Rome devoted to plays with music.

At night its prices are 10 lire (\$2.00) for the best seats, which is the standard price on Broadway. But a "ten, twent' and thirt'" stock company could not give as poor a performance anywhere in America without risking the lives of its performers.

It was nearly eight o'clock when the final curtain fell on "*La Bella di New York*," and as soon as I reached the street I hailed a cab to take me to the Quirinal Hotel, where I was stopping. I did not dine at the Quirinal for I had been told that the Grand Hotel was the rendezvous for the smart set

ROME

at dinner and as soon as I had donned my evening clothes I hurried there.

There is no doubt that many of the smartest functions in Rome are given at the Grand, but as a hotel it is about twenty years behind any of the leading hotels in New York. The music was very good—infinitely better than the typical continental dinner which was provided. Although the big dining room was crowded there were few beautiful women in evidence and practically no display of jewels and elaborate gowns. Rome is rich only in treasures of the past. The Romans of today are simply janitors of the ruins left by their illustrious ancestors.

As it was the first night of "Iris," Mascagni's new opera, at the *Teatro Costanzi*, I left my dinner before the coffee was served in order to be in my seat at the beginning of the opera. However, I found that I was nearly half an hour late. Opera usually begins at 21 o'clock (9 P. M. according to our reckoning), but owing to the unusual length of "Iris" it had begun at 20.30.

The *Teatro Costanzi* is not the leading opera house in Italy. *La Scala* in Milan

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is the only home of opera in Italy worthy of the name. Performances at the *Costanzi* in Rome and at the *San Carlos* in Naples are on a par with what we term popular priced opera in America. Even at Milan there are only two or three singers who would be tolerated in leading roles at the Metropolitan. Opera enthusiasts may rave about Italy, but the fact remains that New York is the real home of Italian Opera. And it might be added that there are more Italians in little old New York than there are in Rome and all its suburbs.

Despite the fact that it was a première more than half of the audience at the *Costanzi* were in business suits and shirt waists. To be sure the boxes were filled with smartly dressed people and there was a generous sprinkling of uniforms, but the audience as a whole lacked distinction. Compared with an audience at the Marinsky Theatre in Petersburg or an audience at our own Metropolitan, it was a sorry spectacle.

The performance was in keeping with the audience. The orchestra under the direction of Edoardo Vitale was all that could be desired, but the opera was long and tedious,

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and the singers without exception lacked distinction. It was evident long before the end of the second act that "Iris" was a failure. In fact, a considerable proportion of the audience left their seats and sought the cool air outside. I did not remain for the third act, but I read the following morning that the performance lasted until half past one.

There is no public dancing in any of the cafés or restaurants in Rome. Cabarets are still unknown although there are two or three little music halls where the performances are somewhat similar to what is seen in our cheap vaudeville theatres in New York. The Corso—which is the Broadway of Rome—is ablaze with lights and fairly crowded at midnight, but the gay life for the male portion of the population seems to consist solely of blocking the sidewalk and twirling absurd little mustachios.

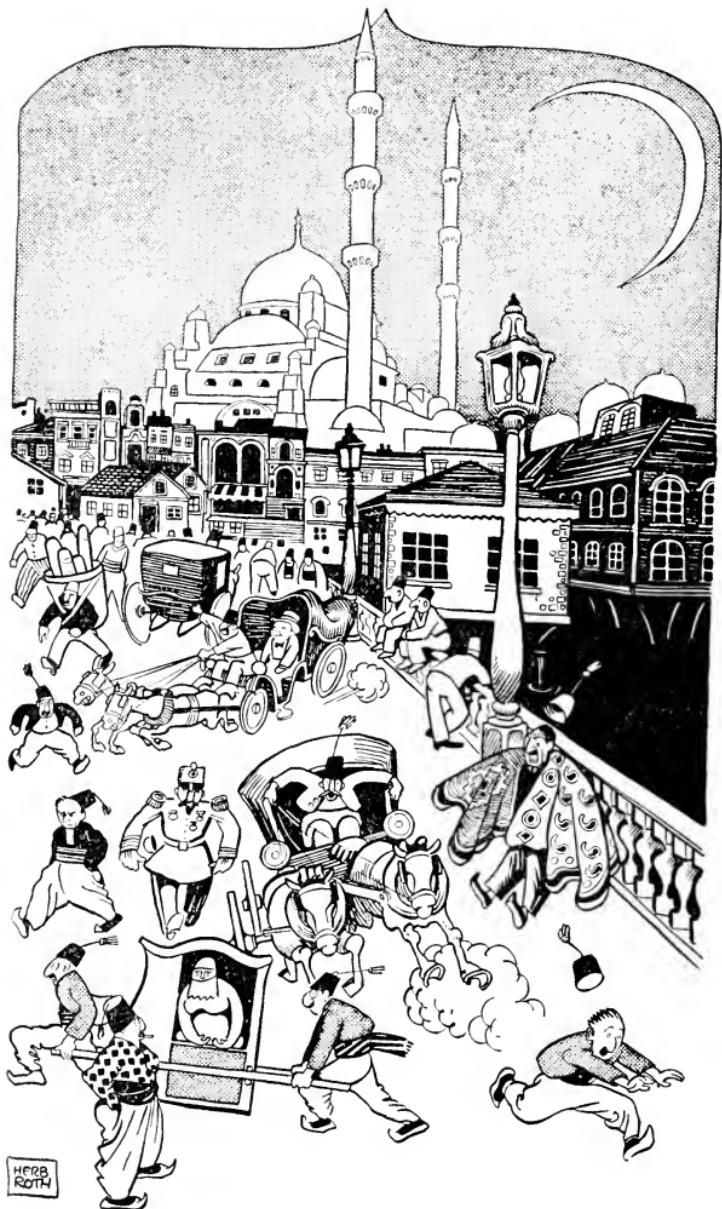
I dropped into the *Café Nazionale* on the Corso for a drink to discover if there was anything doing. The cafe was filled with men, most of whom were gesticulating wildly over their beer or coffee. The *Café Faraglia*, which I visited after a stroll

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around the Piazza Venezia, proved equally dull and uninteresting. For an after theatre supper it is necessary to go to the Grand or the Quirinal. But when one remembers that there is only one prince in Rome who does not rent apartments in his "*palazzo*" to anyone who will take them, this is not surprising. There is little manufacturing in Rome and as it is inland, it boasts of very little commerce. Its "high life" is practically confined to the social entertainments which are given at the hotels or the private homes of the aristocracy. Gilded cafes, night clubs, or attractive rendezvous for the demi-monde are unknown in Rome. Vice there is of the most sordid variety.

Of course there are some good things about Rome. But I know the good as well as the evil—and sympathize with both.

CONSTANTINOPLE



Rush Hour Traffic
on the Galata Bridge
Over the Golden Horn

CONSTANTINOPLE

IF YOU expect to find the flavor of the “Arabian Nights” in this story you will be disappointed. Constantinople in the year of 1914, A. D., is more like Bagdad on the subway (to use one of O. Henry’s favorite expressions) than the ancient city of Haroun-al-Raschid. It is a Turkish trophy of foreigners.

New York has been called the City of Ten Thousand Grafts. Constantinople should be called the City of Ten Million. A Broadwayite who is in the habit of being brushed from all his loose change, cheated by taximeters, overcharged by restaurant proprietors, robbed by the ticket speculators and treated with insolence by waiters feels perfectly at home in this wonderful capital. It gives him an idea what New York will be like in another ten years. For Constantinople is less Turkish than New York is American. It is not the

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Turk who overcharges, cheats and robs you. The five francs you pay to enter the city goes to a French company which has the concession (and you have to pay the same amount to leave). The motor buses and cabs are also French owned. The electric street cars, which have only been running a few months, are a Belgian concession. The electric light and telephone companies are German. The best hotels are English and the restaurants are Greek.

Constantinople has a subway, too. It is less than two miles long, but the fare is the same as it is in New York. All of which shatters the fond delusions of many good people that the capital of Turkey is behind the times.

Constantinople is progressive. Its street cars run faster and kill more people per mile than the street cars of any city in the world. There are no speed regulations for automobiles—you can drive on the wrong side of the street at fifty miles an hour—nearly everybody does. The big motor omnibuses run at top speed with their mufflers open despite the fact that the streets are more crowded than the entrance to Brooklyn

CONSTANTINOPLE

Bridge at six o'clock. And as for noise—Sixth avenue and Thirty-fourth street is as quiet as the Polo Grounds in winter compared with the Rue de la Pera in rush hours.

Changes have come rapidly in the capital of Turkey in the last few months. Its dogs have all been killed. It is no longer a city of mosques, minarets and the Faithful. The mosques and minarets are still on view, but the Faithful are drinking mastic and eating ham. I visited half a dozen mosques on a Friday (the Mohammedan Sunday) only to find them deserted except for the priests. It reminded me of many of our churches at home. Drinking is the king of indoor sports. Cafes are as numerous as saloons on Tenth avenue, and it is as hard to get a cup of coffee as it is to get a glass of water in a German restaurant. Mastic, a colorless spirit like vodka, is the drink. Next in popularity is beer—native brewed. A Turk with a cup of coffee and a water pipe or nargileh exists only in the imagination of artists—at least in Constantinople.

Only in the Turkish women is the Con-

THE NIGHT SIDE OF EUROPE

stantinople of former days preserved. They *do* wear veils. However, they do not wear harem skirts. They dress in black like American women in mourning, and the men who accompany them are dressed exactly like New Yorkers, except for the fez. In fact, except for the fez, which one sees on every side, the Rue de la Pera, principal street in Constantinople, is very much like Broadway between Twenty-third and Forty-second streets.

After a day of sightseeing in the museums and mosques I returned to the Pera Palace Hotel about six o'clock to prepare for an evening in Constantinople. The streets were crowded, but Ahmed, my driver, whirled me through them faster than I had ever ridden with a New York Fire Commissioner. At the hotel my dragoman, a Greek named Aristocles with a long last name ending in poulos, advised against changing to evening dress.

“Put on a fez and come with me,” he said. Of course a fez is not necessary to see Constantinople at night, but it is a protection. Only the Pera section of the city is well lighted. Stamboul, across the

CONSTANTINOPLE

Golden Horn, has to depend upon the lights reflected from its shops and restaurants and Scutari, the Jersey City of Constantinople, is plunged in inky blackness. With a fez you look like a native and you are not molested.

When we emerged into the Rue de la Pera we could hardly make our way along the crowded sidewalks. The shops ablaze with lights, the electric cars clanging their bells and the big limousines and fashionable turnouts speeding past made me forget that I was nearly 5,000 miles from little old Broadway. The Tokatlian, the best Turkish restaurant in the city, was our destination. It proved to be a big, high-ceilinged room directly on the Rue de la Pera filled with at least two hundred fez-covered men and perhaps half that number of well dressed women. The hat room privilege is worth very little in Turkey. The men keep on their hats, but the wash rooms are presided over by fierce looking Kurds, who demand a satisfactory tip.

We found a vacant table and Aristocles gave the order to the American head waiter.



A Turkish
Dinner

CONSTANTINOPLE

Mastic instead of cocktails, green olives and mussels instead of *hors-d'oeuvres*, *espadons en brochette*, delicious fresh fish from the Bosphorus cooked in the shape of cubes on a little stick, *pilaff*, rice cooked with small pieces of lamb, followed by *kabob*, roast meat with a thick, brown gravy, was our meal.

For dessert we had *ekmek cadaif*, a glorified bread pudding covered with thick whipped cream. It is one of the most delicious desserts I have ever tasted. Indeed, the entire meal was excellently cooked and well served.

There is no music at the Tokatlian nor in any other restaurant in Constantinople. Some of the cafes have installed phonographs, but the people seem to prefer to talk or read while they are dining.

During our meal at the Tokatlian we were interrupted half a dozen times by huge blacks in gorgeous uniforms, who distribute handbills of the various performances at the theatres. Every handbill in Constantinople bears a Government stamp.

Few cities have such a diversity of

THE NIGHT SIDE OF EUROPE

theatrical entertainments, Italian opera at one theatre, French farce at another, Greek comedy at still another and half a dozen vaudeville theatres with performances in as many tongues. But there is no performance in Turkish. Poor Turkey has neither music nor drama. Moving pictures are the one delight of the young Turks. There are scores of cinema theatres, as they are called, and they do a rushing business.

We decided to attend the Théâtre des Variétés in preference to the Italian opera. But as the performance was not scheduled to begin until quarter-past nine, we had time to drink two cups of excellent Turkish coffee and smoke several very good cigarettes. The check was 65 piasters, or \$2.60, but that was because I had a good dragoman. There are no prices on the bill of fare, and a foreigner is usually charged "as much as the traffic will bear."

Nine o'clock found us in a box at the Théâtre des Variétés, for which I paid the equivalent of \$2.70 a seat to a Greek speculator. No seats could be obtained at the box office, although it developed that



In a
Turkish
Café

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the theatre was far from sold out. The theatre itself was not very different from a New York playhouse, and the play was "*La President*," which was played at the Garrick Theatre in New York under the title of "*Madame President*."

It was half-past eleven when the final curtain fell and the Rue de la Pera was almost deserted. Most of the lights were out, and except for the street cars and carriages at the entrance there was nothing stirring. Big iron shutters covered the shop windows. Everybody seemed to be anxious to reach their homes as quickly as possible, including my dragoman.

Nothing would induce him to take me around the dark, deserted streets. He declared it was courting trouble with the hordes of Turkish soldiers to cross the Galata Bridge to Stamboul. So we called it a "night."

DAMASCUS



The Broadwayite
Entering Damascus

DAMASCUS

I RODE into Damascus on a camel. I could have ridden into the city behind a fine pair of Arabian horses, for there were a dozen smart turnouts at the station, but I preferred the camel, a sort of Bronx Local.

My dragoman mounted a dromedary, which might be compared to a Broadway Express, with the result that he reached the Victoria Hotel fully five minutes before I did. A dromedary makes no stops after he gets started. My camel stopped to look in every other bazaar, probably mistaking them for subway stations.

Sentimentalists who lament that cities are growing everywhere the same, that the Orient is not so fascinatingly different from Broadway as it was in the days of Omar, should visit Damascus.

A Damascus street in November of the year 1913 was still such a medley of Arabs,

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Syrians, Persians, Turks, Bedouins and Blacks, that an Oriental village at Coney Island seems in comparison a mere amateur performance.

A citizen of Damascus without dirt on his face, candle dripping on his faded robe or baggy trousers and the accumulated dust of months on his shuffling slippers is only a masquerader.

Picture to yourself a city with streets so narrow that the bay windows of the overhanging houses fairly touch each other and shut out the sky above the narrow roadway below. Picture these streets as badly paved as a Tammany-laid roadway after five years of wear, and as dirty as Hoboken alleys, and you have a fair idea of the thoroughfares of Damascus, "the Pearl City of the East."

Picture these streets so teeming with people that they touch as they pass; picture countless dogs running here and there about them, and you have some idea of the compactness of the place.

Every thoroughfare is as crowded as Nassau street during the noon hour. For you could place the entire city of Damascus

DAMASCUS

with its 250,000 people in Central Park.

It was through such streets that my camel threaded his way, one moment brushing by a Turkish officer in uniform laden with gold lace, the next stepping on a ragged, crouching beggar. One moment I was passed by gorgeous carriages in which were turbaned Arabs, the next I swung by vile smelling water vendors, veiled women and sore-eyed children.

Broadway with all its wonders could not have interested a yap from Boob City more than this flow of humanity interested me. It was like a page out of the "Arabian Nights."

The tariff for the ride was only one piaster—four cents. But New York taxi-cab rates are unknown in the oldest city in the world. The trip from the railroad station—a mile outside the city—is only three piasters (twelve cents), behind a team of full-blooded Arab stallions. In fact, an ordinary taxi fare in New York would buy a quarter interest in any of the conveyances licensed by the Damascus authorities.

The Victoria Hotel, which is located near the barracks in the heart of the city, is

THE NIGHT SIDE OF EUROPE

the most up-to-date building in this part of the world. Yet it is without elevators, running water or any of the modern conveniences which a New Yorker demands. However, I felt somewhat at home when three Arab bellhops began fighting for the privilege of carrying my baggage to my room.

As it was only four o'clock in the afternoon, I asked my dragoman to show me the sights before dinner.

“Come, we will see the lepers,” he said simply.

Another ride through the crowded streets to a collection of half ruined huts on the other side of the town brought us to the leper colony. It is the principal sight of Damascus. Just as a New Yorker takes a stranger to the Aquarium or the Metropolitan Museum, a native of Damascus takes his friend to see the lepers. From the crowd around the poor unfortunates, it is evidently a popular amusement.

There is no “cocktail route” in the Pearl City of the East. The “bloods” of the city, the more prosperous Syrian merchants, Turkish officers and Arab Sheiks select

DAMASCUS

uncomfortable chairs in the cafes along "the street called Straight" (which is straight only as compared with a corkscrew), and sip *arak* or coffee until dinner time. Damascus *arak* is practically the same as Turkish mastic and it is the universal drink —except for True Believers. The latter indulge in sherbet, which is like lemonade. One piaster (four cents) buys coffee or *arak* in any cafe. And with it is served water and sometimes pistachio nuts. The evening newspapers (all published in Arabic) make their appearance about half-past four and from then until darkness falls every one in the cafes is busy reading.

When I sat down to dinner in the main dining-room of the Victoria Hotel at seven o'clock the city was in darkness except for the lights in front of the barracks. Street lights are unknown. But every one seems perfectly able to traverse the narrow thoroughfares without difficulty. And it must be admitted that the dirt and squalor is more picturesque at night.

Dinner in a Damascus hotel is typically Syrian. Thick gumbo soup is followed by the inevitable *pilaff* (rice cooked with

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chopped meat), which in turn is followed by green squash, stuffed with rice and okra. Egg plant cooked with rice comes next. In fact, rice is found in every dish. Without it a meal in Syria would consist of coffee and a toothpick.

Pastry spread with dried mashed grapes and a small coffee completed my dinner, with toothpicks as a separate course. I explained that I came from New York and not Pittsburgh, but my Arab waiter didn't see the point.

It was not until after dinner that the cabaret began and it was given outside of the dining-room—as all cabarets should be given. In fact it took place in the street in front of the hotel. The first "turn" was a snake charmer, who rivalled Bosco of "eat 'em alive" fame. Then came a magician who could make his fortune in America in two years. He could make chickens and rabbits come out of his ears, cups of hot coffee appear and disappear at will and little trees grow two feet high in the twinkling of an eye. He was followed by a juggler and an acrobat. Altogether it was one of the best cabarets I ever witnessed. And it

DAMASCUS

was given entirely in the narrow street for the benefit of the hotel guests. From the amount of baksheesh that was thrown to the "artists" by my fellow diners, who were principally Turkish officers and Syrian merchants, it was evident that the performance was a hit.

Damascus boasts of three theatres—all cinemas, as the "movies" are called in the Orient. I chose the Palace Theatre, near the hotel, because on its billboards it announced a troupe of dancers in addition to its photo plays. Twenty piasters (80 cents) bought a box, which was located in the balcony overlooking one of the strangest audiences in the world. The entire lower floor was filled with turbaned Arabs and befezied Syrians smoking "hobble bubbles," as the Turkish water pipes are called in Syria. When you take your seat in a Damascus theatre, you are asked by the usher if you want a "hobble bobble," and if so one is provided for a trifling tip.

Nearly five hundred men were puffing away downstairs, while thirty or forty smart looking Turkish officers were in the tier of boxes when I took my place. The

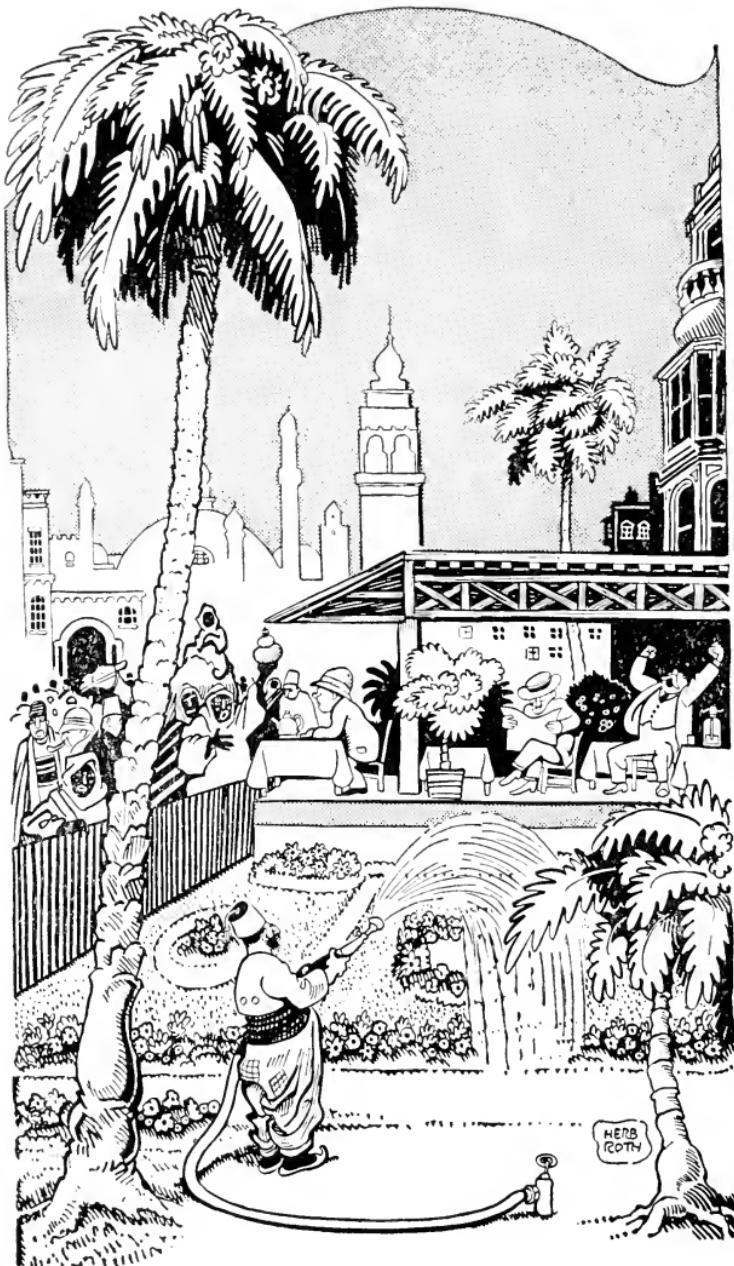
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pictures—mostly French made films—were shown without musical accompaniment, and when the lights were turned on after forty minutes of darkness a third of the audience was asleep.

Under the guidance of my dragoman I visited two cafes chantants, where the few unattached European women in Damascus make their headquarters, and where the “night life” of the officers and higher officials centers. One of the cafes—known as the American bar—proved quite gay. Its guests were being entertained by a phonograph, and I was informed that there would be muscle dancing as soon as the performers could leave the Palace Theatre.

That sent me back to the Victoria Hotel in a hurry, where I found real “night life” under my mosquito bar. But that, as Kipling says, is another story.

CAIRO



The Veranda
at Shepheard's

CAIRO

YOU can tell how long a visitor has been in Cairo from his position on the terrace at Shepheard's Hotel. If he is sitting near the railing overlooking the Esbikieyh, as the street in front of the great hostelry is called, he has just arrived. If he is sitting half way back enjoying a cigarette, he has been in Cairo three days. But if he is lounging close to the hotel entrance you are pretty sure he has been in the Egyptian capital at least a week.

Shepheard's is the Waldorf of Cairo. There are smarter hotels in Cairo than Shepheard's—just as there are smarter hotels than the Waldorf in New York. But more happens at Shepheard's in a day than at the Savoy or Gizereh Palace in a fortnight. Shepheard's is variety, Savoy society and Gizereh Palace propriety.

Naturally, I chose Shepheard's. Every

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“first timer” does. The constant flow of well-dressed men and women through its lobbies makes one forget that one is in Egypt. On every side are New Yorkers. They are not sitting around boasting how much better things are in America—the favorite pastime of Broadwayites abroad. They are drinking Bronx cocktails, rye highballs, or gin rickeys—according to the time of the day. Shepheard’s may be English-owned; certainly it is run by Germans, but it is conducted primarily for Americans. It has an American bartender, imported from the Imperial Hotel. And its chef has spent enough time in New York to learn that it is not necessary to garnish every dish with a fly or roach to make diners appreciate the fact that they are abroad. Hats off to Shepheard’s!

There is no city in the world where hotel life plays such an important part as it does in Cairo. All social functions are given in the hotels. From early in November until the last of March they are the life of the city.

Eight o’clock is the dinner hour in Egypt. The theatres do not begin until

CAIRO

nearly half-past nine and it is usually after midnight before their performances are over. There is no one o'clock ordinance, but most people seek their beds after the theatre. After a Cairo hotel dinner it is impossible to eat for at least twelve hours.

The dinner in the main dining-room at Shepheard's always consists of ten courses, so deliciously prepared that it takes real courage to refuse the turbaned black who serves you. You may leave your table in self-defense. But you cannot escape. Turkish coffee is forced on you, wherever you seek refuge.

This dinner is quite a function. Evening dress is as essential as a bankroll. If you are not going to the opera a dinner coat will do, but the opera is almost certain to be included in your evening's programme.

I had dined on the veranda overlooking the gardens in the rear of Shepheard's (for which I paid an extra ten piasters), sipped a cup of Turkish coffee served free on the terrace and was enjoying a perfect cigarette when I was informed that the opera had begun. I jumped into a cab and hastened to the Khedivial Opera House, which is

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less than three blocks away. An orchestra seat had been reserved for me for which I paid forty piasters, a little more than two dollars. The price did not augur well for a fine performance, but I soon learned that people in Cairo do not go to the opera to hear the music.

“Aida” in French was the bill, but the audience paid far less attention to the performers than to the women in the boxes. The Khedive has endowed the opera with the sum of \$20,000 a year and the performances are in keeping with the size of the endowment. Never had I heard such badly played, badly sung music. But the opera house was comfortable and everybody I had seen at the hotel was there. Dozens of English officers in dress uniforms added the eclat that the performance lacked. And behind the black and white screens of the native boxes, I could see the dim moving shapes of the ladies from the harems.

However, that touch of local color did deter me from leaving the opera long before it was over and seeking the Printania Theatre, where Sacha Guitry and his excellent French company were playing “*La*

CAIRO

Prise de Berg op Zoom.” I had seen the piece in London, under the title of “The Real Thing,” but I was anxious to see the famous Guitry.

But here again the audience proved more interesting than the play. The orchestra was a sea of fezes. The Egyptians remove their fezes only when they sleep and at the opera—which is often the same thing. Only the occupants of the boxes were in evening dress and they were Europeans. With tickets at fifty piasters (\$2.60) each, programmes at two piasters additional—theatregoing in Cairo is rather expensive. However, there are no speculators—which speaks well for Lord Kitchener’s administration.

The gayest place in Cairo after midnight is the St. James—a combination restaurant and hotel near the Printania Theatre. When I arrived there about quarter past twelve I caught the familiar strains of “On the Mississippi,” and on looking into the restaurant I saw a score of British officers and their fair companions turkey trotting in the most approved New York fashion. At the tables which surrounded

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the space reserved for dancing were well dressed women and stalwart men in evening dress or military uniforms.

As the hour grew later, the crowd became more friendly. Between trots the officers visited each other's table. By half-past one every one in the restaurant was acquainted and on terms of friendly intimacy. An officer of the Gordon Highlanders was leading the orchestra. Old Marburg, the proprietor, was dancing with a dignified looking major whose monocle seemed built into his face.

It was after two when the orchestra ground out the strains of "Home, Sweet Home," and even then the crowd was loath to leave. The Gordon Highlander insisted upon ordering "night caps" for every one and there was nothing for Old Marburg to do but reopen the bar and serve them.

A flock of automobiles and cabs were in the street outside to whirl the gay young dogs to their barracks. When I drove back to Shepheard's through the broad, well lighted streets, it was difficult to realize that I was almost under the shadow of the pyramids.

LISBON



The Praça do
Commercio

LISBON

GAYETY bursts into bloom in Lisbon when the sun goes down. About six in the evening the well-to-do inhabitants emerge from their cool stone houses and throng the cafes along the Avenida, the principal promenade in the capital of the Portuguese Republic.

The Rua Aurea and the Rocio are also crowded. The cafes—which extend from dark recesses far out into the street—are as busy as Broadway bars at cocktail hour. And there is even more noise than one will find at Broadway and Forty-second street, for Lisbon is one of the noisiest—if not the noisiest—city in the world!

There is only one thing missing to make a New Yorker forget he is more than three thousand miles from Broadway—a cocktail. Although Portugal has been a republic for three years, the cocktail has not followed the republican flag.

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I asked for a Martini at the Hotel Braganza, only to be told they had no more "Martine." If I had asked for a Manhattan I would have been told there was no more "Manhat." Lisbon doesn't deny the existence of such drinks—it merely serves a substitute. And the substitute proves most acceptable. It is like a Clover Club in appearance and tastes not unlike absinthe, only milder and sweeter.

"*Ojen*," announces the head waiter. "*Ojen* and a dash of grenadine frappé. Our specialty."

We took our seats in the dining room of the Braganza, just off the Praca do Commercio—Black Horse Square, as it is usually called. We chose it because we had been informed that it was the centre of gayety in Lisbon at dinner time. Dinner at the Braganza may be the acme of gayety in Lisbon, but it is about as lively as a Saturday night dinner at a Fifth avenue hotel in midsummer.

A well meaning but terribly misguided orchestra played "Alexander's Ragtime Band," "The Rosary," "When the Midnight Choo Choo Leaves for Alabam'," and

LISBON

other classics while we dined on a typical French menu. In vain we asked for a Portuguese dish, a Portuguese wine, a Portuguese tune.

We did not then know that Portugal has no national dishes, no drinkable wines, no music. But we know now.

The cuisine in all its hotels and restaurants is either French or Spanish, its wines are the same, but its music (hurrah for Irving Berlin!) is American. Lisbon is crazy about ragtime.

The older the ragtime the better the people seem to like it. The diners at the Braganza—many of whom came in their private limousines—applauded every raggy tune and treated the other selections with indifference.

When we asked for our dinner check the head waiter inquired whether we wanted it in francs or reis.

“Portuguese money—we want something Portuguese after travelling all this distance,” I told him.

The result was a check marked 4,800 reis, but it’s only \$4.80 in real money. There are 1,000 reis in the Portuguese dollar, which is

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the exact equivalent of ours. The dinner is “*prix fixe*”—1,500 reis per person—and is about as good as the \$1.50 table d’hotes in New York. The wine at \$1.50 per bottle is far superior to what is served on Broadway for twice the price, and the *ojen* is 15 cents a drink.

A big, roomy taxi whizzed us across the Praça do Commercio to the Hotel Central on the water front, the distance was less than half a mile and the charge 200 reis (20 cents). However, you can go any where within the radius of a mile for 25 cents. A tip of a “testoon” (10 cents) is gratefully received.

We drank our coffee in the lobby of the Central to more ragtime (this time it was “That Mysterious Rag”) and then sought the street, still as busy and noisy as Broadway. There are many playhouses around the Hotel Central, all devoted to moving pictures. Of first-class theatres as we know them there are only two.

Since King Manuel fled the country there has been no opera at the Teatro Nacional. “The Last Days of Pompeii” in moving pictures is holding the boards

LISBON

there now. Even third class Italian grand opera companies cannot play to paying business in Lisbon.

At the Teatro Lirica musical comedy is fairly well patronized, and there we saw the first act of "Eva," a Viennese operetta by Franz Lehar, sung in Spanish by Italian singers! This before an audience of Portuguese!

The enthusiastic reception of this piece showed us that Lisbon and New York do not agree on musical comedies. "Eva" at the New Amsterdam Theatre last January was a ghastly failure. "Eva" at the Teatro Lirica was received with "bravos" and deafening applause. One act drove us to the street despite the fact that the tickets were 2,000 reis apiece. Like everybody who wanted good seats we had to patronize the ticket speculators—who went openly to the box office for the seat coupons.

Between the acts men and women went to the lobby. The men immediately began discussing politics. No one is openly against the Government. Generally speaking, the republic is popular, but there

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isn't enough gold lace around to please everybody.

I asked a distinguished looking citizen what would happen if I were to shout "Vive Manuel." He laughed and said something, which, translated, was to the effect that it would take a bunch of vivas to put life into a dead one.

At the Teatro Gimnasio we found a vaudeville show. It had a French dancer, who would be arrested after one performance at Hammerstein's, and two naughty playlets.

As in Havana, a considerable number of people make a living selling lottery tickets and suggestive pictures. There is no public gambling (aside from the Government lotteries), but there are gambling clubs easy of access. There's nothing slow about Lisbon—it's quite as lively and brilliant as Havana—and far more wicked.

Very likely Lisbon has a number of ordinances, but what they relate to no one seems to know or care. Taxicabs take their own regulations as they go along. There is no closing time for hotels or cafes. No one has to move on. The police patrol the streets

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as if they were merely on exhibition, and things that would not be tolerated in New York for a moment go unnoticed.

From the number of people who invest in lottery tickets it would seem that half the population lives in the hope of making a big winning and retiring to a grand estate.

After the vaudeville we supped at Tavares, a very good restaurant in the Rua do San Roque. The Tavares has "*chambres separees*" (stalls they would be called in New York), which are wonderful spooning places. Of course the cuisine is French, but the music is ragtime. There is no dancing. Turkey trots and tango teas are unknown as yet.

When I told the manager of the number of restaurants in New York where public dancing is the regular order he said he didn't know whether dancing was good for the appetite, but if it was the Lisbon restaurant man would find out about it and have a tango on the menu.

LONDON

TANGO PFD	127 $\frac{1}{2}$	120 $\frac{1}{4}$
MAXIXE BONDS	205 $\frac{1}{2}$	210
ONE STEP PFD	65	60
HESITATION	111	100



A Panic in
Supper Club
Stocks

LONDON

I OWE my introduction to the night life of London to Bernard Shaw. No, Mr. Shaw did not take me to the "Night Clubs," for, like all other respectable Londoners, he is in bed and sound asleep every night by midnight. But his preface to "Androcles and the Lion" threw me into such convulsions of laughter that the very agreeable chap seated opposite to me at the Queen's lounge began to laugh too. I was bound in common charity to explain the joke, and incidentally I mentioned my mission—a glimpse of the night life of London.

"You want to visit the supper clubs, do you?" asked my new acquaintance. "Well, that's very easy. I'm a member of half a dozen of them and I'll take you."

Thus it will be seen at the outset that the night clubs in London are about as exclusive as a New York Turkish bath on Saturday nights. But I accepted the

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invitation with alacrity, for it was nearly 12.30 A. M., and I knew every public restaurant would be closed to me in a very few minutes.

I had supped at Oddy's (as Oddenino's Imperial Restaurant is called) after the theatre and was looking for gayety. Certainly it was far from gay at Oddy's. A five-shilling "*souper*" eaten to ragtime music of the vintage of 1910 is not conducive to frivolity. I longed for the naughty night life of wicked London—the smart restaurants had failed to reveal either dancing or cabarets. My only hope was the "night clubs."

"Can we go to the Grafton Gallery Club?" I suggested, recalling the fact that a Grafton Gallery Club had just been organized in New York to replace the Supper Club.

"It's closed, dear boy," answered my comrade. "Didn't pay, you know. A couple of caterers got hold of it and ran it in the ground. The Albert Room is the smartest night club now."

"Are you a member?" I asked.

"Oh, yes; of course," was the reply.

LONDON

And two minutes later we were in a taxi bound for the Albert Room Club in Whitfield street, off Tottenham Court road.

A giant "commissionnaire" opened our taxi in front of a four-story graystone structure, and my guide conducted me to the vestibule of the building, which was guarded by a flunky in livery and powdered wig.

"A guest," announced my companion.

Instantly the inner door was flung open and I was in the club. The sight that greeted my eyes was not a novel one. A succession of rooms decorated like the inside of an Easter egg filled with men and women in evening dress was before me.

On my right was an English bar with its inevitable barmaid. On my left was another counter decorated with American flags and bearing a sign, "American Bar." The walls of the room were lined with tables at which couples and parties of three and four were drinking. In the next room half a dozen couples were dancing the one-step to the music of "On the Mississippi," which was being ground out by an orchestra of three alleged musicians.

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Except for the music and the shuffling of feet the club rooms were steeped in silence; there was no laughter, no animated conversation, no gayety of any kind. Every one present seemed to take himself seriously.

We managed to find a vacant table, where I ordered sloe gin for my companion and Scotch and soda for myself. My comrade had informed me that it was not necessary to order champagne (at 20 shillings a bottle), although most of the people were drinking wine.

“There are new night clubs being organized from time to time,” volunteered my companion, “for the police raid and close up the clubs every little while. This club is very strict. It costs five guineas to become a member, and a member can bring only one guest at a time.”

During our stay the orchestra played a Boston and three ragtime pieces, but not one-twentieth of the club members danced. It was as gay as a Fulton street restaurant on a Sunday night—as naughty as a candy pull in Kansas City. Professional dancers and cabaret singers were things my companion had never heard of.

LONDON

“There’s nothing like that in London,” he assured me. “And I know the West End,” he added confidently.

At my suggestion we took our leave and hastened to the Cosmopolitan Club on Rupert street, near Leicester Square. Here we found the biggest and supposedly gayest “night club” in London. The Cosmopolitan Club occupies three floors of a fairly respectable looking building. It does not open until midnight and its doors are not closed to members until 4 A. M.

On the second floor there was dancing—but less than a dozen couples attempted the one-step and two-steps which were played by a miserable band. Drinking seemed to be the principal pastime. Next in popularity was “chaffing” the barmaids.

I was informed that the Cosmopolitan Club was a favorite rendezvous for Americans. A visit to the third floor did reveal three Americans—Grace La Rue, the actress, and her husband, Byron Chandler, and Hale Hamilton of “Get-Rich-Quick Wallingford” fame. They were drinking lemon squashes and talking in low tones. The room had the atmosphere of a first-

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class restaurant in Jersey City. Mr. Hamilton said he felt as chipper as a piece of crepe and Grace La Rue's husband sighed audibly for Broadway.

The other club members and their guests, while decorous as far as outward appearances were concerned, were not hard to place. Undoubtedly some of them were married—but not to their companions.

It was suggested that we go to the International Club—a supper club next door—but I was content, as several people assured me that I had already touched the “high spots.” Accordingly I bade my comrade adieu and returned to my hotel to find the entrance bolted and barred.

After prolonged ringing and tapping on the glass with my stick I was admitted and permitted to walk four flights to my room.

High life even in a smart Piccadilly hotel is difficult after 1 A. M.

The naughty, gay, frivolous night life of London, like its costers, witty bus drivers and English roast beef, is a myth. Irvin Cobb believes London has a future. I'm not so sure.

A LONDON “FIRST NIGHT”

A LONDON “FIRST NIGHT”

BY a quarter to eight St. Martin’s Lane is filled with carriages, limousines and taxis discharging their human freight at the New Theatre as rapidly as the giant doorman and three “bobbies” can keep the line moving. For at eight (sharp) the curtain is to ring up on a new musical comedy.

All the tickets have been sold five weeks before—and sold for real money. Sir Charles Wyndham, the New Theatre’s proprietor, does not believe in “complimentaries.” The only deadheads are the critics.

Fortunately for six shillings I have been able to obtain a seat in the last row of the dress circle. The London theatrical manager who bought it has been called out of town. I happen at the box office as he is getting his money back. Can you imagine Abe Erlanger buying a theatre ticket in New York? Well, even Erlanger would

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have to buy his seat at any of Sir Charles Wyndham's playhouses.

The "first night" audience that finds its way to the stalls, boxes and dress circle is far different than one sees in New York. In the first place every one is in evening dress—full evening dress, if that makes it clearer. I don't believe there is a dinner coat in the theatre and I am sure if any one had arrived in a sack suit he would have been barred. And of course there are no women in shirtwaists or "tailor mades." Lo and behold, gowns are the rule and the only woman who wears a hat is an American actress—who should have known better.

It is almost impossible to elbow one's way through the crowd in the lobby—theatregoers in London have the New York habit of blocking the lobbies on first nights, with this difference—they are in their seats when the curtain goes up.

It costs sixpence (12 cents) to get to a seat. An usherine collects it for a programme—one sort of graft New Yorkers won't tolerate. Stalls (orchestra chairs) are ten shillings sixpence (\$2.52) at the

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box office, so theatregoing is more expensive in London than in New York. However, you even it up on the taxicabs. You can ride a mile for 16 cents and usually a shilling will take you to or from any theatre to your hotel.

The dress circle, where my seat is, is on the street level, for in the New Theatre, as well as in most London theatres, it is necessary to descend a flight of steps to reach what we call the orchestra chairs. London theatregoers are not prejudiced against balcony seats. Many of the smartest people prefer the dress circle to the stalls, and the seats behind the stalls, which sell for \$2 in New York are the cheapest in the theatre.

In the right upper box are the Crown Prince of Greece, the Duke of Sparta and several ladies. Sir John Rolleston, M. P., occupies another box. Sir Charles Wyndham sits in the stage box with Miss Mary Moore. In the front stalls are Capt. Knollys, Lady Henry, Lady Wolesley and several other ladies of high degree—all bediamonded and bepearled—and all very homely.

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London does not boast of “first-nighters” as New York knows them. There are some “old bloods” who take in all the George Edwardes first nights—musical comedies at the Gaiety, Adelphi and Daly’s—but as a rule each theatre has its own clientele. Of course the more famous actors and actresses who are “at liberty” attend premieres.

The only “regulars” are the dozen critics from the big London dailies. These critics, by the way, are so well dressed and so unostentatious that they cannot be distinguished from the “Johnnys” in the stalls. Nor do they leave before the play is half over to write their “stuff.” At least, I observed that they were all present when the final curtain fell.

As is the custom in New York, the male portion of the audience seeks the lobby and neighboring bars during the intermission. They light cigarettes and even pipes. The bar in the theatre does a rushing business for about fifteen minutes. Every one at it takes brandy and soda or Scotch and soda. When the bell rings there is a rush for the stalls and boxes, where those who had

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remained with the ladies are enjoying coffee.

At the intermission between the second and third acts I go behind the scenes, where I see Lionel Montagu, Esq., R. Seligman, Esq., and Col. MacGeorge, three well known Londoners, come to congratulate Mr. Courte Pounds, the star.

When the final curtain falls there are cheers and "bravos." The play is a success and the audience remains until Philip Michael Faraday, the producer, comes on the stage and bows his thanks. Then Arthur Wimperis, who did the book, is dragged out to bow his thanks. After more handclapping and cheering the audience moves to the lobby and the street to watch the celebrities enter their cars. It must be admitted that Miss Marie Lohr, the actress, who is in the audience with H. B. Irving, attracts more attention than the Crown Prince of Greece. It requires the combined efforts of ten "bobbies" to keep the crowds back and carriages in line. Although the play is over at eleven o'clock, it is a quarter to twelve before the lobby is cleared and the lights turned out.

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The play? Oh, yes. It was called "The Laughing Husband"—a Viennese operetta with music by Edmund Eysler. There is no need to describe it. You have seen it half a dozen times and you will see it again if you go to musical shows.

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